Supplementu
LVCANI
Authore
THO: MAY
Anglo.
Lugd. Batavoru. Aº. cIↃ IↃc xl.

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A CONTINUATION of the SVBIECT of LUCANS Historicall Poem, till the death of Iulius Cæsar.

BODL. Bibl. Bodl.

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TO THE

Moſt High and Mighty

MONARCH,

CHARLES By the Grace of God, KING of Great *Brittain*, *France* and *Ireland*, &c.

SIR,

I Should have taught my humble labours a lower preſumption than to have appoached your ſacred hand, if I had onely weighed mine own weakneſſe and diſability; but the dignity of this ſubject, did ſomewhat encourage me, being a remainder of that

great Hiſtorie, whoſe former part was ſo richlie dreſſed in the happy conceits, and high raptures of that Noble LUCAN: of whoſe ability in writing I was not ſo ambitious in emulation, as officious in deſire, to continue ſo ſtately an argument for your Princelie eare: with what ſucceſs I have performed it, your MAIESTIES acceptation onely can determine; to whom if it preſent but the leaſt delight, my end is accompliſhed, for which I have run ſo great a hazard, as (perchance) to be cenſured a foile onely to LUCAN's luſtre; and choſe rather to fall under the weight of a great argument, than to preſent a mean

one

one to ſo high a hand: your MAIESTIES renowned worth, and Heroical virtues (the perfection of mind meeting in you with the height of Fortune) may make you ſecurely delighted in the reading of great actions; to whom I humbly preſent this weak work, beſeeching Almighty God long to eſtabliſh your Majeſties Throne upon earth, enriching it with bleſſings of the right hand and the left; and after to crown you with incorruptible Glory: So prayeth

Your MAIESTIES

moſt humble ſubject

THO. MAY.

The mind of the Picture, or Frontiſpiece.

For noble Lucan *ſo untimely ſlain,*
Thus did faire-hair'd Calliope *complain;*
(whileſt teares apace flow'd from her
Chriſtall eies)
Againſt the too too haſty deſtinies;
Too cruell ſiſters, why again am I
Enforc'd to weep, and tax your tyranny?
Was not my Orpheus *death (though along ago)*
Enough for me to bear, for you to do?
Orpheus *ſo much by all the graces lov'd,*
Whoſe charming skill, and matcheleſſe muſick mov'd
The ſavage beaſts, the ſtones and ſenſeleſſe trees,
Yet could not move the harder Deſtinies.
I ſaw his limbs alas ſcattered abroad
On Hebrus banks, while down the ſilver flood
His learned head was rowl'd, and all along
Heard the ſad murmures of his dying tongue.
No other Tragedy but Lucan *ſlain*
By your untimely ſtroke, could thus again
Revive my griefe: Oh could you not prolong
That thread a while, untill the ſtately ſong

of

of his Pharſalia had been finiſh'd quite?
What ſavage bird of prey, what murdring Kite
Could in the mid'ſt of that melodious lay,
Inviſh the charming Nightingal away?
Thou ſung'ſt no luſts, no riots, nor mad'ſt known
(corrupting other manners with thine own)
New crimes, nor with laſcivious wantoning
Did'ſt thou defile the ſacred Theſpian ſpring.
Thy verſes teach no ſoul adulteries,
No rapes committed by the Deities,
Which may from guilt abſolve the worſt of men;
Thy actions great and true: thy happie pen
Adorning Hiſtorie with raptures high,
With quick conceits and ſound moralitie
Condemn'd the ſtrong injuſtice of that age,
And reins too much let looſe to civil rage,
When Rome the ſtrength, which ſhe had made, did fear,
No longer able her own weight to bear,
Taxing bad greatneſs, and in deathleſs verſe
Beſtowing fame of noble Sepulchers,
And had'ſt enabled moe; but woe is me,
Th' untimely ſtroke of death did ſilence thee.
Of which the grief not onely us invades,
But dives into the bleſt Elyſian ſhades,
Sadding the worthies there that ſo did long
To fill a room in thine eternall ſong.
There Cato *thinks (and grieves it was deny'd)*
If thou had'ſt liv'd, how great he ſhould have dy'd:
The Roman Scipio *did diſdain a Tomb*
On Libya's ſhore, in hope to find a room
Within thy ſtately Poëm, well content
Save there, to have no other Monument,
Thoſe ſtately Temples, where great Cæſar's *name*
Shall be by Rome ador'd, wanting the fame
Which thy high lines might give, in time to come
Shall envie Pompey's *ſmall Ægyptian Tomb.*

Had Juba's *Tragick fall been sung by thee*
I had eas'd the loss of his great Monarchie:
But that to them and us did Fate denie
That we the more might wail thy Tragedie.
But bootlesly thus to complain (quoth she)
Is weake, to act is more befitting me.
Down to the shades in scaual will I go,
And trie what Magicks powerful charms can do.
A spatious Cave there was (not ost beſore
Descry'd by mortal eye) within that shore
Which wealthy France doth to the North display,
And Brittain's Ocean bounds. Thither, they say,
The wise Dulychian Heroe, by advice
Of beauteous Circe, came to sacrifice,
And there restor'd, by bloud of Bullocks slain,
To silent Ghost the use of speech again.
Through that dark vault did Phœbus *neve shoot ray,*
Nor ever glided beam of cheerful day.
The grove of Proserpine *ore shadow'd quite*
That dismal shore, and damps of dreary night
Condens'd the Air; no birds those boughs did grace
Nor with sweet musick cheer'd the baleful place.
To this dark thicket did the Muse descend
To raise her Poet's Ghost; and to that end
Prepar'd the sacrifices. Pluto, *to thee*
A Bull was kill'd, to thy Persephone
A Virgin Heifer; to the Eumenides
A two-years sheep. Then with the bloud of these
She fill'd a cup, and gave it to your hand
Of her dear Poets Ghost, and with this command;
Thou, once the glorie of the Aonian wood,
But now their sorrow, Lucan, *drink this bloud.*
No other Nectar Phœbus *gives thee now;*
Nor can the Fates a second life bestow;
A second voice by this charm'd cup they may,
To give some progress to that stately Lay

Thou left'ſt unfiniſh'd. And it not untill
The Senates ſwords the life of Cæſar ſpill;
That he, whoſe conqueſts gave dire Nero Reign,
May as a ſacrifice to thee be ſlain.
The Ghoſt receiv'd the cup in his pale hand,
Drunk and fulfill'd Calliopes command.

AUTHOR

Author Lectori

Non hæc marmoreis cecinit Lucanus *in Hortis;*
Nec vivum hìc tanti Vatis acumen habes.
Desine mirari, Lector, si carmina forsan
Ista videbuntur frigidiora tibi.
Impetus Ingenii felix, ardensquè receßit.
Hoc tibi defuncti debilis Umbra canit.

A CONTINVATION of the Subject of LUCAN'S Historical Poem, till the death of *Julius Cæsar.*

The first Book.

The Argument of the first Book.

Th' Ægyptians sue to Cæsar for a peace,
Excuse their crime, and crave their Kings release:
The King restor'd by Cæsar to his state,
Revolts again: Euphranor's *noble fate,*
Ptolomey's *vision from Serapis sent*
Foreshews the change of Ægypts government.
The war in Delta; Cæsars *victory.*
The overthrow and death of Ptolomy.

THE threatning Ocean now had spent in vain
His swelling spite, and from the watery main,

From Ægypts feeble Treason, and the band
Of Pharian slaves is *Cæsar* safe at land;
Fill'd with revenge and scorn, arm'd with a rage
Greater then Ægypts ruin can asswage.
His war is now made just; but that great mind
Too much disdains so just a cause to find
From such a State, griev'd that they durst afford
Wrongs proud enough to call on *Cæsar's* sword,
Or provocation to his furie lend,
Whom Rome it selfe had trembled to offend,
And rul'd his anger at no cheaper rate
Then *Pompey's* fall and ruin of the State.
How well could Rome excuse the gods above,
For *Cæsar's* late-wrought facte, and approve
Their favour in it, if no other State
Had felt the force of his revived fate
But Ægypts guiltie land; in that war nought
But just revenge for *Pompey* had been wrought,
The willing Senate had with joy decreed
Honours for such a conquest; for that deed
From every Town th' Italian youth in throngs
Had met his Chariot with triumphal songs,
Nor had yet *Pompey's* spirit from the skie
Repin'd at sight of that solemnitie.
That act had reconcil'd the Conquerer
To Rome again, had not the fatal war,
What straight in Affrick, and in Spain ensu'd,
His conquering armie with fresh guilt embrew'd,
The treacherous band of Ægypts Soulders now
That chose *Arsinoë*, Queen, gan disallow
The pride of *Ganymedes*, and disdain
A feeble woman, and base Eunuchs reign,
All murder, all to mutenie inclin'd
Yet each afraid to sound each others minde:
Till one at last more venturous then the rest
Thus with his own the thoughts of all expreft.

What

What end have these our armes? why do we make
Tumults in stead of wars? If arms we take
To free Niles fruitful regions from the yoke
Of Romes ambition, why we do provoke
The strength of *Cæsar* at a time when he
Retains our King within his custodie?
The King as hostage for our truth doth lie,
We hazard not the war but *Ptolomey*.
Though our attempt against *Cæsar* should succeed
We stain the honour of so great a deed
Wanting a lawful chiefe; and 't will be thought
Rebellious tumults not just wars have wrought
Rich Ægypts freedom. More may be obtain'd
By peace, then can be by such hazards gain'd,
Then let us sue for *Ptolomey's* release:
Cæsar (though now incenst) will grant us peace
On easie terms; and think it better far
Then to be here entangled in a war,
Whileſt yet Pharsalia's reliques do remain
To joyn their strength, and trie their fate again;
Whil'st the dispers'd not conquer'd powers of Rome
Are gathering head, and furious nations come
From *Juba's* Kingdome, Ammons fartheſt sands,
And where Spains Calpe bounds the western lands,
To crosse his growing fortunes: But if we
Tender the state of young *Arsinoë*,
(Because descended from great *Lagus* race,)
Why do we wrong her brother, and misplace
Our dutie so? preposterous loyaltie
It is, to honor *Lagus* familie,
And therefore *Lagus* lawfull heir depose,
A general shout, which through the Camp arose,
Shews their agreement too too great to be
Surppressed now, or term'd a mutenie,
That even *Arsinoë* seeing this content
Is forc'd to be, or seem (at least) content.

Embassadours to *Cæsar* they addresse
To beg the King's inlargment, sue for peace,
And par don for their treacherie to him:
Which they excus'd at large, and all the crime
Upon *Photinus* and *Achillas* laid:
Whose lives (say they) have for their treasons paid.
Cæsar, though once enrag'd, admits their low
Submissive prayers, and smooths his angrie brow,
Scorning to lose so proud a wrath upon
Such worthless objects; or intent alone,
On civil wars, reserves his furie all.
To wreak in nothing but his countreys fall,
Nought but so hard and so abhorr'd a crime
Had guilt and danger great enough for him.
He briefly grants them their desired ends,
And *Ptolomey* back to his Kingdome sends.
Poor boy, what fatal freedome hast thou gain'd?
Thou to thy ruin hast thy wish obtain'd.
'Tis *Cæsars* crueltie that sets thee free,
To make thee guiltie and then punish thee.
Thine innocence did guard thee, whil'st by him
Thou wert consi'd, and could'st not act a crime
That might deserve thy death; but well knew he
Thy ages weakness, and the treacherie
Of thy perfidious and unconstant men
Would draw thee to offences, and thou then
By fair pretence of justice might'st be slain
A sacrifice to *Cleopatra's* (*a*) reign.
And his desires, we meanes thy crown shall buy.
Or pay the hire of his adulterie.
Cæsar's surmises find a true event;
For *Ptolomey* back to his people sent
(Whether that falshood were the nations vice,
Or else by nature or bad nurture (*b*) his,
Or he by others easie to be sway'd)
Forgets the oath that he to *Cæsar* made.

And

And fill'd with vain and flattering hopes, cals on
The forward fates t' his own destruction
Well rigg'd fleet of Ships he forth doth send
To ambush near Canopus to attend
(In Ile that East from Alexandria lies)
To cut off all provision and supplies,
That might by Sea to *Cæsars* camp arrive,
So this his first attempt doth fortune give
Some seeming favour; for while there they lie,
(a) *Euphranor's* Ship, sever'd unhappily
Alone from all the rest of *Cæsar's* fleet
By this Ægyptian Navy is beset.
(b) *Euphranor's* valour, that had never found
The fates but friendly, and so oft renown'd
With *Cæsar's* fortune had for *Cæsar* fought,
This change affrights not; his undaunted thought
Nor feare but rage possesses; and though there
Beset, he plaies th' assailant every where.
They feare to join with him, and evermore
Flie from his grapple; as a chased Bore
The following hounds avoid; so Ægypts fleet
Surprizes danger which it dares not meet,
But being so many Ships they cannot all
Escape from; some, though unwilling, fall
Upon *Euphranor*, and are forc'd to buy
With their own losse their fellowes victory.
Some vessels bor'd 'twixt wind and water sunk,
And drinking waves, into the waves were drunk,
'Gainst others from the Roman vessell fire,
Wrapt up in bals was thrown; whose active ire
The Ocean could not quench untill too late,
And did not succour then but changer he fate.
Some dead, some living float in *Neptune's* flood,
The Sea discolour'd with the victours blood.
Had but one more of *Cæsars* Ships been caught,
Th' Ægyptian fleet a fatall prey had sought,

And learned then how they deceived took,
But Fortunes bait which hid a mortall hook.
But when at last those few Cæsarians
Were spent with wounds and toil, and that their hands
Could for that endlesse taske no more suffice
Euphranor weary with subduing dies,
Leaving the rest of those Ægyptian powers
Survivours rather then true Conquerours.

Now *Ptolomey* was levying strength by land,
When *Mithridates* with a warlike band
Of men, from Syria, and Cilicia came
Raised from thence by him in *Cæsar's* name.
And marching swiftly o'r the land, at last
Arriv'd where strong Pelusium's fitly plac'd
Upon the continent, and on that side
Th' Ægyptian bounds from Syria doth divide:
Pelusium's strength is thought by land to be
Ægypts defence as *Pharos* is by sea.
But now (alas) too weak it proves to stay
Fierce *Mithridates* course, who in one day
(Though there *Achillas* left a Garrison)
Summons, assaults, and wins by force, the Tow'r;
Nor staies he there, but marches speedily
To join his strength with *Cæsar's* power, whom
Of this exploit before had certifi'd.

This *Mithridates*, who on *Cæsar's* side
So well had serv'd, as to deserve from him
After this war, the Thracian Diadem,
Of great and roiall parentage was sprung,
And trained up in Princely arts, when young,
By that great King, that Asian Conquerour,
Who forty yeares withstood the Roman power,
And in so many honour'd fields did fame
Lucullus, *Sylla*, and great *Pompy's* name.
The King, that now besides Canobus lay,
With all his power, intends to march away

With

With ſpeed through Delta, where the Fates decree
To ſeat the war, and his ſad tragedy.
Rich Delta, Ægypts pride, the flower alone
Of all the Pharian Kings dominion;
Upon theſe fertile breaſt a thouſand waies
In winding tracks the wanton Nilus plaies,
And with his amorous folding arms doth ſeem
To embrace ſmall Ilands, whileſt his ſilver ſtream
From ſeverall channels oft it ſelfe doth meet,
And oft it ſelfe with wanton kiſſes greet,
As thoſe fair rivolets, which for the food
Of living bodies, beare the crimſon blood
To every part, within the river meet,
And there with kiſſes numberleſſe do greet
Themſelves; and as they through each other glide,
Make many knots, as if they took a pride
In their ſtrange foldings, and themſelves did pleaſe
In thoſe admired Anaſtomoſes.

This fertile region, whoſe extenſion makes
A juſt triangle, from the letter takes
Delta for name, whoſe baſis is the Sea,
Whoſe two ſides Niles, two wideſt channels be:
For all the other five within thoſe two
Into the Northern Sea through Delta go.

Down from the leſſer cataract Nile flowes,
And in one ſingle channel North-ward goes
From Elephantis Ile the ancient bound,
Twixt the Æthiopian, and Ægyptian ground.
Four thouſand furlongs to that ſpatious plaine,
Where Memphis ſtands, ſo famed for the vaine,
And miſpent labour of ſo many men,
Her wondrous Pyramids; which had not been,
If natures bounty, and the wealthy ſoile
Had not too much excus'd the Plowmans toile.
So many hands (as there were vainly found)
Had been enough t' have made the barren'ſt ground

Of Ammons deserts, or the Libyan sands
Fruitfull by working, t'have entrench'd whole lands,
And sent'd their Ægypts often conquer'd Towrs
From Persian, Grecian, and Italian powrs.
At Memphis Nile his channel doth divide:
That branch that flowes along the Eastern side,
Into the Ocean rowls his curled waves
At strong Pelusium; th'other channel laves
(A thousand furlongs distant thence, as he
Into the Ocean fals) the regions nigh
To faire Canobus, which (by ancient fame)
From *Menelaus* Pilot took the name;
Who dying there, was buried on the shore,
When Ægypts Crown that just King *Proteus* wore:
Who took from *Priam's* wanton son away
Atrides beauteous wife, his ravish'd prey,
And to her husband after her restor'd, (sword
When Troyes sack'd towrs had felt the vengefull
Of arm'd Greece. That region, which betwees
Those two the widest arms of Nile is seen,
Is Delta, which so plentifully yields,
Ceres and *Bacchus*, rich in pasture fields,
And flowry meadowes where the bleating flocks,
And horned heards do graze; the labouring Ox
Weary'd in those fat furrows, near deceives
Hopes which the greediest husbandman conceives,
There lofty Cities stand, and Towns of fame,
Lakes flow, which from those Cities take their names.
Butum environ'd with the Butick lake,
Where once her Oracles *Latona* spake:
There faire Diospolis, Lycopolis,
Hermopolis, and Leontopolis
Proud Cities rise: There doth Busiris stand
Fatal to strangers that were forc'd to land
Upon her bloudy shore; untill the hand
Of great *Alcides* freed the grieved land

From

...m that fell Tyrants reign, whose name the Town
...bears; near that is that faire City known
... Venus name; there faire *Panephysis*,
...nitis, Xois, and Cynospolis,
...d Sais chief of all the region,
...which *Minerva*'s stately Temple's shown,
...here fam'd *Psammiticus* entombed lies.
...ere also Mendes famous wals do rise,
...here *Pan* th' Arcadian god is worshipped,
...nd goats ador'd; there goats (as we have read)
...o mix with woman-kind; so got was he
...hat lov'd the boy turn'd to a Cypresse tree.
...ut now to know the future wars successe,
...he King advis'd by *Dioscorides*
...re from Canobus he through Delta pass,
(Since there *Serapis* stately Temple was)
...esolv'd to crave that Oracles advice,
Commands the Priests prepare a sacrifice.
This snake-like god *Serapis* seated there,
Whom all rich Ægypt, and the nations near
Devoutly worship, and from every port,
To his undoubted Oracle resort,
Speaks not to men, like other gods, nor shews
His truth by voice, as horned Ammon does;
Nor like their *Apis*, fore-declaring good
Or bad, by taking or refusing food;
Nor like the Delphian *Phœbus* doth possesse
In killing rage, a wretched Prophetesse,
Making sad death the punishment or hire
Of every soul his fury doth inspire;
But gently glides into a sleeping breast,
By dreams instructing our repose and rest,
In truths that can be by no labour gain'd;
There onely knowledge is with ease attain'd.
To this renowned Temple far and near
Th' Ægyptian Lords and Princes come to heare

Truth

Truth without help of senses, and to know
By dreaming there their future weal or woe.
Why should this god his knowledge then declare
To men, why men least fit for knowledge are?
And chuse to come to them at such a time,
When they no duties can return to him?
Is it his bountie or his power to shew,
That men so taught may plainly see they owe
Nothing at all to studies of their own,
But to his bounty and his power alone,
That then can make them understand aright,
When they're bereft of understanding quite?
Or else the god, when men can exercise
Their powers and intellectuall faculties,
Will not descend with their weak thoughts to join
Commixing humane reason with divine.
Within the Temples inmost room, a bed
Of richest purple wrought with gold, was spred,
To which the King was by the Priests convay'd,
And there to take his dreaming vision lay'd.
No dreams at all within that sacred room,
But such as were divinely sent, might come.
Others, which from complexions difference,
Or naturall humours flow'd, were banish'd thence;
And those which from the studies of the day,
Or cares arose, in th' ourward Temple stay,
And there together flie in companies
Of different colours, shapes, and qualities.
Fair sanguin dreams that seem to cheer the night,
With beauteous shapes, and rosie wings, as bright
As is the morning, or those flowrs, that grace
In midst of spring, the painted *Flora's* face,
Within the Temple merrily do sport;
To whom the little *Cupids* oft resort;
The little *Cupids* from faire *Venus* grove
Stealing by night, do thither come, and love

With

With those bright sanguine dreams to passe away
The hours of night in sport and amorous play.
There dreams of choler in a flame-like hew
Through th' aire, like little fiery Meteors flew
With swift and angry motion to and fro,
As if they sought within that place a foe.
Sometimes up to the Temples roofe on high
They soar, as if they meant to scale the skie,
Or some impossible atchievement sought;
T'allay the thirst of an aspiring thought.
But down below with sad and heavy cheer
On dead mens Tombs, and every Sepulcher,
The duskie dreams of melancholy light,
With sable wings like Bats, or birds of night.
Fluttering in darkest corners here and there,
But all alone, and still each other feare.
Courting dead skuls, and seeming to invite
The dismall ghosts for company by night.
There all along the Temples whited wall,
Phlegmatick lazy dreams, not wing'd at all,
But slow, like slimy Snails, about do crawl,
And evermore are thence afraid to fall,
And so be drown'd; for on the floor below,
They do suppose deep pools of water flow.
But swifter as thoughts can flie, as winds do blow,
Or winged lightning, in a moment go (noise
The flatuous dreams through th' aire; sometimes with
Like the far-off affrighting thunders voice.
Besides a thousand other companies
Of dreams, which do from daily cares arise,
From thoughts and deeds of men; which do appear
In forms as many and as different there,
As all the World has objects, or is fill'd
With deeds: All these to dreams diviner yield,
And flye aloofe without; nor dare they come
Into the Temples inward sacred room.

The

The dead of night had closed every eie,
And sleep now seiz'd the breast of *Ptolomey*,
When lo a vision from *Serapis* sent
To his affrighted fancy did present
The changed state of Ægypts hapleſſe land,
Which now by fates appointment was at hand.
A larg-siz'd Ox, into that sacred room
With sad and heavy pace did seem to come,
And lean he was, as if he had not eat
Of long, or wanting, or refusing meat;
Save two white spots, his colour wholly black,
One on his forehead, t' other on his back:
And passing by he seem'd to waile and moan,
From his black eies the tears fast trickling down.
After, a woman came of stature tall,
Of presence stately and majesticall;
High Towrs and Castles on her head she bare,
But loose, as if all torn, hung down her haire.
Strong chains did seem her naked arms to tie,
With that arose a dismall shreek and crie,
As it had been from Ghosts infernall sent,
Whose fury rent the regall monument:
And from their open'd tombs he saw arise
The ghosts of all the buri'd *Ptolomeys*,
From *Lagus* son the first, in order all,
Who following, seem'd to wail the womans fall.
With that cold chilling horrour from the breast
Of sleeping *Ptolomey* had banish'd rest,
Who with amazed thoughts look'd up and down;
But when his eies were ope, the sight was gone.
The Priests approach, and hearing him relate
His dolefull dream, lament the wretched State
Of Ægypts Kingdome, and with one consent
Foretell th' approaching change of government:
Yet to appease the gods, by their advice,
The King commands a solemn sacrifice.

But

But neerer miſeries by far then thoſe
Do threaten thee poor King; the god foreſhows
Thy Countries future dangers, and from thee
Conceals thine own approaching tragedy.
To meet with *Cæſar* than he march'd away
Through wealthy Delta, and encamped lay
Upon an high and ſpatious hill; which round
About commands the lower champion ground;
From whence the Country he afar deſcrib'd,
A place by nature ſtrongly fortifi'd:
Three ſeverall waies; th' aſcent ſo ſteep and hard
To climb, as ſeem'd impregnable, did guard
One part alone without the aid of men:
Unto another part a ſpatious fen
And lake did ſeem to give protection:
To guard the third a river ſwiftly run.
Betwixt the lake and which alone did ſtand,
To lend ſome paſſage, a ſmall neck of land:
That little Iſthmos ſeem'd alone to ſtand
In need of guarding by a ſouldier's hand
Againſt the foes aſſault. But in that place
The King ſuppoſes, 'twere too much diſgrace
To be aſſaulted firſt, and would diſmay
His ſouldiers hearts, for *Cæſar* there to ſtay;
Or elſe not ſafe in what defence the lake,
The river, hill, or his own works could make,
To hinder *Cæſars* comming he intends
Far off; and moſt of all his forces ſends
To guard a river where his paſſage lay.
That bank, on which th' Ægyptian ſouldiers ſtay,
Was high, and far from water, and might well
Keep the Cæſarians off, or them compell
To fight on wondrous diſadvantage there.
But *Cæſars* troups incapable of feare,
At firſt approach, reſolve, viewing the place,
In ſpight of diſadvantages to paſſe.

And

And whil'st the Legionary souldiers throw
'Gainst th' other side, to busie there the foe,
Thick stormes of winged piles; whilst some of them
Strive to lay trees for bridges, o'r the stream;
The German cohorts up and down do try
The rivers depth, and where most easily
They may or swim, or wade the channel through;
And make as boldly their attempts, as though
They went against no enemy at all.
Whilst the Ægyptians do securely gall
Down from above their labouring enemy,
And on the place, not their own worth relye:
For all the weapons which from them are thrown,
Require no strength, but by descent alone
Bring wounds to the Cæsarians, who inrag'd
To be 'gainst such advantages ingag'd,
Sigh, that their valour they must vainly lose,
Not to subdue, but to approach their foes,
And must contend as eagerly to gaine
A fight, as erst a conquest to obtaine.
Against the river and the banks they goe:
And in this war the foe is least the foe,
Cæsar perceives in what distressed plight
The legionaries are inforc'd to fight,
And therefore straight commands his lightest horse
To wheel about, and with a speedy course
Far from that place to crosse the river ore,
Which they performed swiftly, and before
Th' Ægyptian souldiers their approach could feare,
Behin'd they charg'd them with a ful carreer.
Whose force whilst they, turning about, withstood,
The legionary souldiers past the flood
With greater ease by bridges which they made,
And through the shallowest fords the Germans wade.
And now at last th' Ægyptian Souldiers
Are forc'd, though loth, to enter equall wars.

But

But fear made them unequall, and subdu'd
As soon as fought with, by the fortitude
Of *Cæsars* men, who else had fought in vain
By so much sweat and labour to obtaine
A battell, had they nos a conquest had:
And now a slaughter, not a war was made.
The King from out his lofty camp beheld
His slaughtred souldiers bodies strow the field,
Which lately they stood upon; for scarce by flight
Were any saved; the Cæsarian spight
Pursu'd the conquest which they had obtain'd
With such a fury, that the fields distain'd
All o'r with blood, might let th' Ægyptians see
How they before had fought unequally.
He views how few return'd, that newes to tell,
Which he had seen, and knew too sadly well.
But to the Camp, those that escaped were,
Brought nothing but astonishment and feare.
Th' incamped find in them no aid at all,
But see the greatnesse of their fellowes fall:
Whom *Cæsars* men so swiftly follow home,
That to the trenches and out-works they come.
Cæsar, that never in his battels, held
A foe subdu'd, till from his camp expell'd,
Exhorts his souldiers to forget their pains,
And freshly force the works, whilst fear there reigns,
To end this war, and with the wealthy spoile
Of Ægypts King, to recompence their toile.
Nor need the Souldiers be incouraged
To seek their wages for the blood they shed.
They first invade that little neck of land,
Which 'twixt the rives and the lake did stand.
But that th' Ægyptian souldiers most do guard;
When on the passage there begins a hard
And bloody conflict, one side fight to make
Their conquest perfect, and the fruit to take:

Th'

Th' other deſpaire inſtead of courage arms;
For vanquiſhed they fear the worſt of harms.
From either ſide the paſſage where they ſtood,
The lake and river are diſtain'd with blood.
Down halfe dead bodies they precipitate,
Who drown'd in water, taſte a double fate.
There oft together, as they fighting ſtand,
Ægyptians and Cæſarians hand in hand
Do grapling fall into the crimſon lake;
Nor there (alas) their enmity forſake:
But weakly try the combat out, where he
That conquers can no long ſurvivour be.
Whileſt on that ſide the Camp, both parties fought
So furiouſly, and all hands thither brought;
Cæſar perceived on the other ſide,
That ſeem'd enough by nature fortifi'd,
Where the aſcent was craggy, ſteep and hard
To climb, that *Ptolomey* had left no guard;
Or thoſe that had been left, from thence were gone
To t'other ſide, as aid, or lookers on.
Thither his lighteſt cohorts he commands;
Bold *Curſulenus* leads thoſe active hands,
Who ſtraight, as *Cæſar* gave in charge to him,
With thoſe light-armed cohorts 'gins to climb
Th' aſcent ſo ſteep and hard, that to the foe
Did ſeem impregnable, but prov'd not ſo,
Brought on their ruin; death there enter'd in,
From whence with greateſt eaſe he might have been
Repell'd by them. But *Curſulenus* now
Entring th' Ægyptian Camp, with ſmall ado
Kils or repels his few reſiſting foes,
Fear and diſtraction through the Camp aroſe.
The works, whileſt to and fro th' amazed run,
On every ſide by the Cæſarians won:
To whom for mercy now they ſue in vaine,
Nor does the Generall their ſwords reſtrain;

bids them kill and in their ſlaughter free
e World from ſo much fraud and treacherie.
rt of th' Ægyptian Camp had been before
mes legionarie Souldiers and brought ore
der *Gabinius*, there in Ægypt left
ere by her pleaſures ſoftened and bereft
militarie vertue and became
egenerate ſtains unto the Romans name.
ke the Ægyptians they were growne to be
manners, baſeneſs, fraud, and treacherie.
Not far from thence, unto the river ſide
little veſſel by a rope was ti'd,
Whither the King in this tumultuous heat
Of flight, eſcaped from the Camp, doth get;
And now aboord, commands his ſlender train
With all their ſtrength to launch it out amain.
His purple robe upon the ſhore he throws;
To flie diſguis'd; but cruell Fate allows
No flight nor ſafetie to him; nought at all
Gains his diſguiſe but a Plebeian fall.
For lo the flying multitude eſpy'd
(That from the Camp preſt to the rivers ſide)
That bark, contending all to get aboord
To ſave themſelves, reſpectleſs of their Lord.
He cries the King is here, do no intrude;
There is no ſafetie for a multitude
In one ſmall veſſell, why ſhould you deſtroy
(Loſing your ſelves) the life of *Ptolomey*?
Though Fortune work my ruin, do not you
Murder your King, but *Cæſar's* men purſue.
Amazement ſtops their ears, and fear of ſword
Had baniſh'd all allegiance to their Lord.
Till, the ore-laden veſſel ſinking down,
Themſelves together, with their King they drown.
Mixt with Plebeian deaths a Monarch lies
The royal rich of the ancient *Ptolomey's*

Under no covert but his Niles cold waves,
No Pyramids, nor rich Mausolean graves,
Nor sacred Vaults, whose structures do excell:
As his fore-fathers ashes proudly dwell;
And dead, as living, do their wealth expresse
In sumptuous gorgeous Palaces.

Unhappy *Ptolomey*, how short a date
Have fates allotted to thy kingly State?
No otherwise didst thou a Crown obtaine
Than sacrifices, crowned to be slain.
Happier might'st thou have di'd, before thy reign
(Though short it were) had left that lasting stain
Of *Pompey's* death upon thy name, and shew'd
To future times thy foul ingratitude,
Depriving him of breath, who did before
Thy banish'd (*t*) Father to a Crown restore:
And now to that dead Roman worthies Tomb
Art thou enforc'd a Sacrifice to come
T' appease his Ghost, and offer'd up by him,
In whose behalfe thou didst that heinous crime.
Who chooses rather to revenge, then owe
To thee so base a ruin of his foe.

Cæsar, possest of this great victory,
By land through Delta, marches speedily
To Alexandria; but supposing there
How much the City his just wrath might feare,
He sends before to comfort them and free
Th' inhabitants from feare and jealousie.
To be with joy received, he declares
That all his wrath is ended with his wars;
That he, as Romes dictatour would preserve
Their lives and liberties, and still reserve
The Crown of Ægypt free, rightly to place
Upon the next of *Lagus* roiall race.
And that no other now was his intent
Than to confirm (*f*) *Aulates* (*g*) Testament.

Anno.

Annotations to the first Book.

(a) *Thus* Dion; Cæsar *believed that the Ægyptians had truly desired peace, disheartned with their designes not succeeding (for he had heard they were a people by nature timorous and unconstant:) but howsoever their intentions were, he resolved to grant their request, lest he should seem to withstand an offered peace; he sends therefore their King to them; for by his presence he knew there was no increase of strength brought to them, considering his age and bad education: by this means he supposed he might afterwards include a peace with the Ægyptians upon his own terms, or find a just pretence of conquering the Country, and giving the Kingdome to* Cleopatra: *for he was not at all afraid of their strength now, having received his army out of Syria,* Dion, lib. 42.

(b) *The young King educated in false and deceitfull disciplines, that he might not seem to degenerate from the manners of his Nation, weeping intreated* Cæsar *that he would not send him from him; for enjoying of a Kingdom could not be to him so pleasant as the presence of* Cæsar. Cæsar *moved with his teares comforted him, and promised if there were need shortly to visit him; but* Ptolomey *at liberty, began immediately to warre against* Cæsar *with so fierce and eager desire, that the teares which at the parting he shed, might seem to be teares of joy.* Hirt. Commen. de bello Alexan.

(c) *None of the Roman ships came at all to the succour of* Euphranor, *either because they durst not partake of the danger, or because they had a strong confidence in the great vertue, and extraordinary felicity of* Euphranor, *which in all his other fights had ever attended him: so that he only at that time behaved himselfe well, and perished alone with his victorious Galley.* Commen. de bello Alexan.

(d) *Of this Town Canopus, and the Temple of* Serapis

there, thus Strabo *speaks in his seventeenth book; Canopus distant from Alexandria an hundred and twenty furlongs by land, was so called from* Canopus Menelaus *his Master of his ship, who was buried there: in it is the Temple of* Serapis, *with great devotion honoured amongst them, insomuch as the Noblemen put great affiance in that god, and came thither to take dreams both for themselves and others: some of them have written of divers cures which have been there wrought, and many miracles in several kinds: but above all other things, wonderfull is that number, who upon festivall times come downe thither by the Lake from Alexandria: for night and day is that Lake full of boats, in which men and women with songs, and gestures of all manner of Lasciviousnesse do recreate themselves; and in Canopus it selfe, divers Inns there are upon the Lake side to entertain passengers with such levities and vain delights.* Strabo lib. 17.

(e) *This young King* Ptolomeus Dyonisius *son to* Ptolomeus Auletes *the last of all the race of* Ptolomey's, *by the wicked counsell of his followers, as* Photinus *the Eunuch,* Achillas *Captain of the guard, and* Theodorus Chius *the Rhetorician, had unthankfully slain* Pompey *the Great, flying to him in his necessity, who before had been the greatest means of restoring his father* Auletes *to the Crown of Ægypt.* Dion. Plutarch. Appion.

(f) Auletes Ptolomeus *the ninth* Ptolomey *from the son of* Lagus, *who after the death of* Alexander *the Great possessed Ægypt, was a man (saith* Strabo) *of most dissolute and wicked manners, for which he was expelled his Kingdome by the people of* Alexandria, *who made the eldest of his three daughters Queen over them; his two sons being both infants, had by this means lost all hope of succession in their fathers Kingdome: the Queen elected was married to one* Cybiosactes *of Syria, who derived his pedigree from the ancient Syrian Kings: but the Queen within few daies strangled her husband, and not able to endure his sordid and base*

ose nature; and married her selfe to Archelaus, *who fained himselfe the son of* Mithridates Eupator; *but was indeed the son of that* Archelaus, *who had warred against* Sylla, *but was afterwards honoured by the Romans, and grandfather to him who reigned last in our times over Cappadocia: this* Archelaus *living then with* Gabinius, *whom he promised to aid in a war against the Parthians, was by some of his friends (unknown to* Gabinius*) brought unto the Queen, and declared King: at that time the banished King* Ptolomeus Auletes *was fled to Rome, and there kindly entertained by* Pompey *the Great, and by him commended to the Senate:* Pompey *advised them to restore* Auletes *to his Kingdome, and put to death those Embassadours that were come to thither to plead against their Prince, of which Embassage,* Dio *the Academian was chiefe.* Auletes *therefore brought back to his Kingdome by* Gabinius *overcame, and killed the Queen his daughter, and* Archelaus *his son in law; dying shortly after, he left behind him two sonnes, and two daughters.* Strabo lib. 17.

(g) Ptolomeus Auletes *by his Testament had willed (according to the incestuous custome of that family) that his eldest son* Ptolomey *should marry his eldest daughter* Cleopatra, *and with her enjoy the Crown of Egypt: the procuration of this testament was by him assigned to the people of Rome, which* Cæsar *as Dictatour had power to execute.* Dion. lib. 42. Hirt. Commen. de bello Alexand.

The Second book.

The Argument of the ſecond Book.

Fair Cleopatra *is eſpous'd, and led*
A wife in name to her young brothers bed:
Great Cæſar's *heart her tempting beauties fire,*
Who reaps the wanton fruit of his deſire.
The ſcatter'd reliques of Pharſalia
Scipio *unites again in Africa.*
The ſtrength of Varus there; each nations name,
That under Juba's *royal ſtandard came.*
Cæſar *from Ægypt gainſt Pharnaces goes,*
And vanquiſhes, as ſoon as ſees, his foes:
Erects a trophee there; and croſſing ore
More ſwift then thought, arrives on Libya's ſhore.

THe Alexandrian Citizens releaſt
From al their tears by *Caſar's* pardon, feaſt
With Joy; extol the goodneſs of the skies,
And to their gods devoutly ſacrifice
With uſual rites: Alas, you do not know
Fond Alexandrians, to whom you ow
Your Cities ſafetie; not thoſe deities,
That you with vain and barbarous myſteries
Adore, have wrought it; nor could all your Towrs,
Your ſtately Temples, Tombs of Conquerours,
Nor *Alexander's* bury'd duſt, which more,
Than your religion *Cæſar's* thoughts adore,
Prevail ſo much in purchaſing his grace,
As beauties charmes in *Cleopatra's* face.

It

It was the glance of her bewitching eyes
And power to help your helpleſs deities:
Nor was it fit ſuch people, rites and laws
Should owe their ſafetie to a better cauſe.
Great *Cleopatra* miſtreſs of the State,
To give the conquering author of her Fate
High entertainment, to his eye diſplays
Th'Ægyptian wealth in ſuch luxurious ways
As might excuſe even Rome, and make the riot
Of her degenerate Senate ſeem the diet
Which th'ancient *Curii*, and *Camillus* us'd,
Not what her Aſian victories infus'd.
The gorgeous Pallace with ſuch luſtre ſhone
As wealthy Kingdoms neer their ruin grown
Uſe to expreſs; which ſhew the preſent crimes,
And ſpeak the fortune of precedent times.
But *Cæſar's* eyes in all that wealthie ſtore,
Which he ſo lately had beheld before,
No pleaſure find, nor with delight views he
The golden rooſs, nor precious imag'rie,
Rich Eben pillars, boords of Citron wood,
Which on their carved Ivorie treſſels ſtood:
Nor curious hangings do his eyes admire.
For *Cleopatra's* beautie, and attire
Did quite eclipſe all objects, and out-ſhone
All other ſplendours; on her looks alone
His eyes are fix'd; which, though beheld before,
The more he views, do raviſh him the more.
All other objects loſe a ſecond ſight;
But womans beautie breeds the more delight
The oftner ſeen: he views that ſnowie neck,
Thoſe golden treſſels, which no gems can deck.
The wealth, ſhe wore about her, ſeem'd to hide,
Not to adorn her native beauties pride.
Though there bright Pearls from th' Erythræan ſhores
From all the th'Aſſyrian lakes, the wealthy ſtores

Of silver Ganges, and Hydaspes shone;
From Ægypts Eastern Iles the gold like stone.
And cheerful Emeraulds gather'd from the green
Arabian rocks were in full splendour seen.
Pale Onyx, Iaspers of a various die,
And diamonds darkned by her brighter eye.
The Saphirs blew, by her more azure veins
Hung not to boast, but to confess their staines
And blushing Rubies seem'd to lose their die
When her more rubie lips were moving by,
It seem'd (so well became her what she wore)
She had not robb'd at all the creatrues store,
But had been natures selfe, there to have show'd
What she on creatures could or had bestow'd.
But *Cæsar's* heart enflamed long before
Burns with fresh furie, and resolves no more
Now to conceal, but feed the pleasing flame (fame?
What power (quoth he) controles my wish, what
What would the sowrest seeming vertue do?
Arm'd with a power like me, and tempted so?
By such a beautie as from guilt would free
A Ravisher, and make adulterie
No crime at all, but such a piece of vice
As former times unto the Deities
Did oft impute; had *Cleopatra* been
By those renowned Græcian writers seen,
Whose Deathless Poemes in the skies above
Have fix'd to many paramours of *Jove*;
Before the daughters of fair *Pleione*,
Atlanta, *Maia*, and *Taygete*, she
Had there been grac'd: her Tresses far more fair
Had shew'd in Heaven then *Berenices* hair,
Calisto's Wain had not in skies been set,
Nor *Ariadnes* shining Coronet,
Till *Cleopatra's* Star had found a place,
And chose what part of Heaven she meant to grace.

Let

Jove my warrant be; whom powerful love
oft as forced from Heaven; or let it prove
e Thunderers excuſe to future times
at *Cæſar* now partakes the Thunderers crimes.
There is no cauſe thou ſhould'ſt miſdoubt thy ſuit
o waking Dragon keeps that golden fruit
hou mean'ſt to taſte, nor need'ſt thou fear to find
hat beautie guarded by too chaſt a mind.
et wanton love, and *Cupids* childiſh fires,
Vnch warm Plebeian hearts, and move deſires
rural Girles, and lowly Shepherds ſwains
d not thy ſuit, Oh *Cæſar*. She diſdains
hat common cauſe ſhould make her beautie yield
o thy embraces; her proud breaſt was fill'd
With higher thoughts; deſire of Soveraignties
Aſpiring hopes of State and Majeſtie
In *Cleopatra's* breaſt had now controll'd
All other paſſions; had her bloud been cold.
Yet when ambition pleadeth on thy ſide,
Her chaſtitie had yielded to her pride.
That reaſon *Cæſar*, that did firſt ſubdue
Thy loyaltie to Rome, made thee embrue
Thy parricidal hands in her ſad wounds.
And die with bloud Theſſalia's guiltie grounds
Proves now the ſelfe ſame cauſe that conquered
This Queen and drew her to thy wanton bed.
Let not the guiltie greatnes with thy mind
Be by vain men extoll'd; ſince here we find
A womans breaſt the ſame impreſſions moves
Ambitious pride, and Soveraignties dire love
Alike in thee and *Cleopatra* plac'd
Made thee diſloyal prove, and her unchaſt:
Cæſar, leſt Rome ſhould judge he firſt did move
This war alone for *Cleopatra's* love
To win for her, not for his Countries ſake:
(For conquer'd Ægypt he intends to make

No

No *(a)* Roman province) and on th' other side
Too much suspecting that th' Ægyptians pride
His bounteous favour would far lesse esteem,
If that a woman wore their Diadem,
Whilst yet a male-child liv'd of *Lagus* blood;
Thus cleares both doubts; to make the action good
One colour serves: young *Ptolomey*, whom he
Before had married to *Arsinoë*,
A child of eight yeers old, must now supply
The room of his dead brother *Ptolomey*,
And weare two shadowes both of love and State,
Of Ægypts King, and *Cleopatra's* mate.
What more then names, poor boy, dost thou obtain?
As vain thy marriage is, as is thy reign,
And but in title nothing is thine own:
Cæsar thy bed possesses, shee thy Crown.
Nor canst thou yet so much as rivall prove
In *Cleopatra's* reign, or *Cæsar's* love.
Yet happy art thou that thy tender age
Cannot enjoy th' incestuous marriage:
For if the match for thee had been more fit,
Thou hadst contracted greater guilt from it,
And with foul incest stain'd a brothers name; (blame,
But whilst thou want'st the fruit, thou want'st the
Now without care thou dost a crown obtain,
And an incestuous marriage without stain.
Now nights black mantle had the earth o'r-spread,
And all the host of stars in *Phœbus* stead
(Though with lesse light) adorn'd the spangled skye:
When *Cæsar* fill'd with love, and raised high
With *Meroës* sparkling wine, pursues his suit,
And soon obtains the wish'd and wanton fruit
Of his late wars and toils; his fame and glory,
His power, and gifts the strongest Oratory
Had woo'd, and won the Queen to his delight.
Within whose arms he spends the wanton night.

Nor,

Cleopatra, was't a crime in thee;
Th' incestuous custome of thy family,
There sisters, wives on brothers are bestow'd,
And mixture of the neerest names allow'd,
Makes this a vertuous love: thou hadst been led
With greater guilt to such a nuptiall bed;
And 'tis thy fate, thy beauty cannot be
Better enjoy'd than by adultery.
Yet from the burden of her fruitfull womb,
Both hers, and *Cæsar's*, punishment shall come.
For young (*b*) *Cæsario*, whom their loves short joy
With adverse Fates begets (unhappy boy)
Untimely slain, shall be in future time
Augustus Cæsar's parricidall crime,
And *Cæsar's* house with *Cæsar's* blood shall blot;
Thy guilt, *Augustus*, is that night begot,
Which shall hereafter those rich triumphs stain,
Which thou from Ægypts conquest shalt obtain;
Unlesse that flattery be taught for thee
To wrest all natures lawes, and policy
Of State, together with the peace of Rome
Alleag'd to justifie thy bloody doom.
Whilest *Cæsar* thus a wanton conquerour
In Ægypt staies, the Senates scatter'd power,
And flying legions from Pharsalia
Scipio again unites in Affrica,
(*c*) Great *Pompey's* father in law, who now o'r all
Is by consent elected Generall.
Scout *Labienus* most engag'd of all
In hate to *Cæsar*, (though against the Gaul
He under *Cæsar's* colours oft had fought)
Serves under him; and matchlesse *Cato* brought
By no engagement of a private cause,
But for his Countries libertie and lawes.
(*d*) *Petreius* falsely there takes arms again
'Gainst *Cæsar's* side, by *Cæsar* once in Spain

Pardon'd

Pardon'd before ; there Attius *(e)* Varus ſtands,
Who all the Roman Provinces commands
In Affrick, once proud Carthage feodars :
Who brings his punick forces to the wars,
Subtle in warlike ſlights, with Targets light,
Short ſwords, and breaſts unarm'd they uſe to fight:
And ſtill in battell weare their Caſſocks red.
To hide the colour of the blood they ſhed.
Drie Barces ſcorch'd, and ever-thirſting ſands
Send men to Varus ; there the warlike bands
Of hot Cyrene ſtand, the progeny
Of *Pelops* ſtain'd and tragick family,
That from Mycene came ; there th' Aæans ſtood
Mixed of Libyan and Sicilian blood ;
And thoſe of Tabraca, th' old Tyrians brood.
The men of Leptis, and at Hippo bred,
Where the Phænicians firſt inhabited
When they to Affrick came ; Hippo, whoſe ſite
Made it the ancient Libyan Kings delight.
And there in arms the men of Thapſus be,
That from the Latines draw their pedegree.
Juba to theſe his mighty army brings,
Juba, the greateſt of all Affrick Kings,
Who had already given a fatall blow
In *Curio's* ſad and mortall overthrow
To *Cæſar's* ſide : No Lybian King alone
Commands ſo large and vaſt a region.
Th' extent of his dominion lies as farre
As Thera's plains, and horned Ammons are
From Mauritania's weſtern lands,
Where neer the Gades heaven-propping *Atlas* ſtands,
With whom to war ſo many Nations went
Of manners, rites, and habits different ;
Fierce Mauritanians, which derive their race
From th' ancient Medes, who peopled firſt the place.
The Naſonians ever bare and poor,

Till

Till wracks at Sea enrich their fatall ſhore
With mankinds ruine; the ſcorch'd ſwarthy bands
Of Garamantians, on whoſe barren ſands
No ſhady trees ere ſpread, no flocks do feed,
Nor ought but ſerpents, and dire monſters breed:
With theſe Marmarians march, whom nature makes
Th'antidotes againſt thoſe mortall ſnakes.
Then march the vagrant bold Numidians
On well-rein'd Steeds; and light Maſſylians,
Who evermore their horſes bitleſſe ride;
And them alone with ſlender wands can guide.
The ſtrong Getulians that no dwellings know,
But with their herds do wander to and fro;
That in no ſports but dangerous delight;
And ſingly dare with raging lions fight.
The light Autololes, whoſe winged ſpeed,
In running far out-ſtrips the ſwifteſt ſteed,
Equals the winds themſelves, and as they paſſe,
Scarce bend the ſtanding corn, or ſlender graſſe.
The cole black Mibian next, upon whoſe brow
And curled locks the ſcorching ſun doth ſhew
His laſting tyranny; who to the war
Does lightly goe, his breaſt and body bare,
And never iron nor braſſe armour wears;
Great linnen Turbants on his head he bears
In ſtead of helms: his arrows mortall points
With venom'd juice he treacherouſly anneints.
Shaggy Cyniphians too were armed there
Who Goats roughskins upon their ſhoulders weare,
Their beards o'r grown and horrid: near to theſe
With painted ſhields the Aſyrmachides
Arm'd on the left ſide onely, not the right;
And ſwords, like ſickles crook'd they uſe in fight.
Of diet courſe and rude; their meat upon
The ſands is roaſted by the ſcorching Sun.
Beſides the Troups that were from Vaga ſent,

That

That from Ruſpina and fair Zamah went,
From all theſe ſeveral places *Juba* draws
A royal Armie 't aid the Senates cauſe,
Ioyning himſelfe with Roman *Scipio.*
With all theſe forces they intend to go
When firſt the ſpring her verdant face ſhall ſhow,
And comfortable gales of Zephyre blow
T'invade their native Country, and ſet free
Subjected Rome from *Cæſar's* Tyrannie:
And their great deſign from the event
Of old examples found encouragement.
Since ſad experiences did often ſhew
Romes ſtrength, neer Rome, 't was eaſieſt to ſubdue.
They knew the barbarous Cimbrian, furious Gaul,
The force of Carthage led by *Hannibal*
Beat off in forren parts by Roman powers,
In Italie prov'd eaſie conquerours,
With theſe they ſadly call to mind how ſoon
Cinna, Sertorius, Carbo, Marius won
Rome by ſurpriſe, though beat in forren lands
With eaſe by *Sylla*, and great *Pompey's* hands.
And laſt of all when this ſad war begun,
And *Cæſar* firſt had croſſed Rubicon,
Pompey without one conflict fled away.
And Rome to him became an eaſie prey.
But *Cæſar's* fortune fruſtrates their intents;
His wonted ſpeed and ſtrange ſucceſs prevents
Their expedition, and as every where
He had before, ſo plac'd th' aſſailant here
Too ſoone, alas, ſhall you in Affrick ſee
Who you intend to ſeek in Italie.
But *Cæſar* plung'd in Ægyptes ſoft delights
Inſnar'd by beauties, and the charming ſlights
Of *Cleopatra*, could almoſt forget
How many armed foes, and forces, yet
Oppoſe his growing fortunes, and remain

Threat.

Threathing the height of his uſurped reign:
As when *Alcides* with ill fate had ſeen
The tempting beauties of the Oechalian Queen,
His brawny ſhoulders ſtraight forget to wear
The lions skin, his awfull hand to bear
The monſter-taming club; from his rough head
The poplar garland falls; no tyrants dread
That world-avenging ſtrength; which had well-nigh
Been ſunk into a fameleſs lethargie.
And *Juno's* hopes of great *Alcides* fall
A womans beautie further'd more than all (venr,
Thoſe monſtrous plagues, which ſhe had power t' in-
Or could from air, earth, ſeas, or hell be ſent.
But Fortune finds alarums to awake
The ſoul of *Caſar* from this dream, and make
Compleat for him the work ſhe had begun,
Whither ſhe haſten'd Romes ſad ruin on;
Or rather bluſh'd ſuch liberties and laws,
Should owe their ſafetie to ſo baſe a cauſe
As *Caſar's* ſloth; and judg'd it better far
Than keep it ſo, to loſe it by a war:
That war alone, which built up Romes high reign,
Should now have power to ruin her again.
Nor were the Fates pleas'd that the wanton love
Of *Cleopatra* ſhould more helpful prove
To Romes affairs, then all thoſe juſt-drawn ſwords,
Which once Theſſalia, Libya now affords.
Yet was it now no ſtrength; no armes of Rome,
No part of Civil war drew *Caſar* from
Ægypts delights; *(ſ) Pharnaces* feeble power
Provok'd him firſt to make him conquerour
Of greater forces then his own; as when
A ſleeping Lion's couched in his den,
The horned heards ſecurely graze along
The verdant paſtures; till that Lion ſtung
By ſome preſumptuous little Gnat awake,

And

And wanting there his full revenge, doth make
Thoſe cattel feel his wrath; whoſe lives anon
Do rule the little Gnat's preſumption.
This falſe *Pharnaces*, who from *Pompey's* hand
Receiv'd (as price of parricide) the land
Of rich Cimmerian Boſphorus, was ſon
To *Mithridates* whoſe fear'd power had won
From *Nicomedes* his Bythinia,
Conquer'd Armenia, Cappadocia,
And wealthieſt Græcian Iles, whoſe ſwelling fame
Began to rivall Romes victorious name,
And long withſtood her growing Fate; at laſt
By *Pompey's* force from all his Kingdomes chac'd,
He fell by treaſon, to increaſe the ſhame
Of his falſe ſon, and leſſen *Pompey's* fame.
Pharnaces now with vain ambition ſwell'd,
Deceiv'd by flattering hopes, when he beheld
Romes broils, and ſaw how her divided bands
Againſt themſelves imploi'd their conquering hands,
Sought to regain what once his father had,
And 'gan the Roman provinces invade:
In Aſia minor, (his firſt enterpriſe
Fortune beholding with propitious eies)
Domitius fall, who with ill Fate imploi'd
The ſwords of *Cæſar*, rais'd his boaſting pride.
Nicopolis, whoſe ſtrong walls were there
Founded as *Pompey's* Trophees, ſtill to beare
Name of his conqueſt, and the place to ſhew
Of *Mithridates* firſtll overthrow,
Beheld the ſlaughter of *Domitius* hoſts
A parentation to the Pontick ghoſts.
Nine times had *Cynthia* now reſtor'd again
Light to her waned horns, when *Cæſar* chain'd
In *Cleopatra's* wanton arms, had ſtay'd
On Ægyptes coaſt; her ſwelling womb diſplai'd
At laſt th' effect of an adulterous bed,

Whom

om *Cæsar* thus departing comforted,
Fair Queen, sole mistresse of thy *Cæsar*'s State,
e fate or him that rules all other fate,
enaces cruel to himselfe and me,
th his own ruin parts our companie.
treasons, Love, now call my vengefull steel,
not thou grieve; the conquer'd foes shal feel
r parting griefe, and in their slaughter see
th how much anger *Cæsar* goes from thee.
that poor King dares not my force withstand,
e onely draws me from this happie land,
o make a journey rather then a warr:
e he at first will flie, and easier far
y I obtain a conquest than a fight.
s dastard troups my name alone shall fright,
d easie triumphs comes; but I from thee
o griev'd to triumphs, sad to victorie.
om thee, whose eys make Ægyps swarthie face
ghter than that white path the Gods do trace:
thout whose light no lands breeds my content
d Rome it self is to me is banishment.
t Fate to us far greater conquests ows,
w much, alas, would *Cleopatra* lose
Cæsar stay'd at home? we have not yet
ully attain'd that world commanding height,
That most enthrone thy beautie in a State
igh as it self, for all to wonder at
Like some new Constellation; those that ne'r
th' Antartick pole, ne'r see the Northern Bear
Descend into the Ocean; those that lie
Enduring winters lasting tyrannie)
Under the frozen wain, and lose the sight
Of bright Canopes, whose desired light
Cheers this Horizon still, shall both adore
Fair *Cleopatra*'s name; the farthest shore
That *Peleus* silver-footed wife doth know

Shall honour thee; even Rome her selfe shall bow,
And with her Eagles shall thy State maintaine,
Whilest Kings do wait on *Cleopatra*'s train.
For such effects, fair Queen, (if *Cæsar* know
His fate aright) shall this our parting now
Return to thee when I in triumph come:
By this deare part of *Cæsar*, which thy womb
Encloses here, thou shalt engage our speed;
Therefore farewell; we must pursue in deed
Our consultations swiftly as we thought.
But *Cleopatra*, whom loves Queen had taught
All winning wiles; and best with such a face
As teares became, and griefe it selfe did grace,
Thus with a seeming griefe, and teares replies:
I dare not hope to change the Fates, or prize
My worthlesse prayers at so high a rate,
As to have power at all to change the State
Of *Cæsars* great resolves, on which depend
All nations fates, and all the States attend.
If by their prayers frail mortality
Should hope to alter what the gods decree,
'T were a proud piety. I'll rather lose
My suit, and check my love, then interpose
It so, and rather to my selfe deny
The happinesse of *Cæsar's* company,
Than love it with so great presumption,
As, for mine own delights, to hinder one
Of his resolves; yet pardon, mighty Lord,
If to mine own desires I do afford
One place in love: cannot Great *Cæsar* thrive
In these his wars, if *Cleopatra* live
Neer to his person? Can it overthrow
His fortune to procure my safety so?
There's no retreat in all the world for me,
So safe as thy victorious camp will be.
But I am pleas'd to stay at thy command

Ægypt ſtill, and ſtill ſuppoſe this land
ithin Great *Cæſar's* reach; whoſe powerfull hands
om ſilver Ganges to the Bætick ſands,
m Pole to Pole extend their conquering force:
o diſtances of place can long divorce
wo, if *Cæſar* in his love can be
ſpeedy as in war and victory,
d march as far to find his friends as foes:
is pledge, which I within my ſelfe incloſe,
ures my longing mind againſt delay,
at *Cæſar* long will not protract his ſtay.
en with a kiſſe he bad the Queen adieu;
d wing'd with haſt, into Armenia flew
ifter then lightning, or the Southern wind
long through Liby'as yielding aire, to finde
harnaces out; whom he (paſt thought) o'r took
eer Zela wals, and vanquiſh'd with a look.
oon beat, he left behind him nought at all
at might deſerve a mention, but his fall:
or can there ought of this ſhort war be ſaid,
ut *Cæſar* (g) came, and ſaw, and vanquiſhed.
ow much did *Pompey's* honour ſuffer there,
hen *Cæſar's* troups beheld that Nations feare?
ad ſaw how eaſie 'twas to conquer them?
ow undeſerv'd did his great triumph ſeem
'r Pontus and Armenia? More was loſt
han poor *Pharnaces* Crown, and feeble hoſt
he fame of *Pompey* was o'r thrown that day,
hen *Cæſar* boaſting could finde cauſe to ſay;
Oh *Pompey* happy thou, that by defeat
Of theſe baſe Nations, got'ſt the name of Great;
Whilſt I ſubduing the fierce Gaules, deſerv'd
No name, enjoi'd no Triumph: hadſt thou ſerv'd
Beyond the frozen Alpes, or paſt the bound
Of Rhenes ſwift ſtream, the big-bon'd Germans found,
A difference 'twixt our acts thou then hadſt ſeen,

Our civil wars perchance had never been.
Yet ere that he from thence to Affrick pass,
Though haste important urge him, in the place
A stately Trophee he elects to show
To future times *Pharnaces* overthrow,
Not far from that proud Trophee, which before
Great *Mithridates* for his conquest ore
Triarius, had erected; that his storie
Might quite eclipse old *Mithridates* glorie,
Or please his Manes, that the field there won
Took punishment of his unnatural son.
But greater wars call *Cæsar* thence away;
Scipio not far from Adrumetum lay
With all the power of Rome, but did not (*b*) now
Since Winters furie rag'd, expect a foe.
For *Phœbus* lamp to our Horizon low,
The shortest daies and coldest did bestow
From *Capricorn*, cold Winter gaz'd the flouds,
And purl'd with frost the fields and naked woods.
But *Cæsar's* heart, admitting no delay,
Whose speedie march no season ere could stay;
When he his Dictatorship at Rome
Had tane, and thence to Sicilie was come,
Lest any time should to his fame be lost,
Even then the Seas from Lilybæum crost,
And sailing by the Libyan shores, espies
Great Carthages half-ruin'd edifice;
And Clupeas fatal station passes by
With griefe, remembring how unhappily
Bold *Curio* there did with his legions land
A woful prey to *Juba's* barbarous band.
Then from this omnious place he sailes away
Westward along, and leaving Utica
(Where *Cato* then in Garison did lie;
Cato the soul of Roman libertie;
Who from the Town must shortly take a name

And

And leave the Town, in lieu, eternal fame)
At Adrumetum lands; upon which coaſt
Scipio encamps with all his Roman hoaſt.

Annotations to the ſecond Book.

(a) Dion *relates it thus*; Cæſar *having ſubdu'd Ægypt, would not ſubject it, as a Province of the people of Rome, but beſtow'd it wholly upon* Cleopatra, *for whoſe ſake he had made the whole war in Ægypt; yet fearing leſt the Ægyptians under the reign of a woman would rebell again, and that he might perchance alienate the hearts of the Romans from himſelfe by reaſon of this, and the familiaritie which he was known to have with* Cleopatra, *he gave her in marriage to her younger brother, and confirmed the Kingdome to them both; which was indeed but a ſhow, for* Cleopatra *wholly poſſeſſed the power; her husband being a Child, therefore under a pretext of marriage, by which ſhe ſhould joyn with her brother in the Kingdome, ſhe both reigned alone, and enjoyed the bed of* Cæſar. Dion. lib. 42.

(b) *This* Cæſario, *both* Dion *and* Plutarch *report to be the ſon of* Iulius Cæſar *by* Cleopatra, *when after the Alexandrian war and before his expedition againſt King* Pharnaces, *he ſtayed in Ægypt (according to* Dion) *nine monthes: after the victory of* Auguſtus Cæſar *againſt* Marcus Antonius *and* Cleopatra, *this* Cæſario *being ſent away for ſafety into Æthiopia (ſaith* Dion) *was intercepted in the journey and ſlain by* Cæſar's *command: the reaſons that moved* Auguſtus *to this cruelty, were partly the counſel (according to* Plutarch,) *of* Arius *the Philoſopher, his tutor, who told him it was not ſafe to ſuffer too many* Cæſars: *partly the remembrance of what* Antonius *had done, who before had commended this* Cæſario *to the old Souldiers, adviſing them rather to honour the tree and natural ſonne of* Iulius Cæſar; *then* Octavius *who was but an adopted heir.*

(c) Scipio *was choſen General of all the Roman forces in Affrica that meant to continue the war againſt* Cæſar,

partly by reason of his dignity, and partly by an absurd perswasion (saith Dion) that no Scipio in Affrick could be unfortunate: which thing when Cæsar perceived might encourage the enemy and dishearten his souldiers, he took along with him a certain obscure man descended of the race of the Scipio's, and of that surname (but his name was Sittatto) and with him to thwart the other superstitious fear, he landed at Adrumetum before the enemy expected him, it being then an unseasonable time of the yeare. Dio. l. 43.

(d) Varus had governed so long those Countries, and was so puffed up by the victory of Juba (saith Dion) that he contended with Scipio himselfe for the chiefe command; but by the authority of Cato it was swaied on Scipio's side. Cato, when all the Souldiers offered to him the chiefe command, or at least to be joined Generall with Scipio, refused both; accounting it just that he which by the lawes had attained the highest dignity, should have now the greatest command; but he himselfe had never attained to so much dignity in Rome, as Scipio; to him therefore of his own accord he yielded place, and gave him also that army which he had brought into Affrick. Dion. lib 43.

(e) Petreius had before been vanquished by Cæsar in Spain. Lucan. lib. 4. He was then pardoned and set free upon oath never to war against Cæsar again; which oath here he violated.

(f) Cleopatra (saith Dion) had staied Cæsar longer in Ægypt or else accompanied him to Rome, if Pharnaces had not been the hinderance: this Pharnaces the sonne of Great Mithridates was King of Bosphorus Cimmerius; but moved with an ambitious desire of recovering all his fathers Kingdome, while Rome was intangled in civill war, he had rebelled: and during the time of the Civil and Ægyptian wars had with small adoe subdued Colchis, and all Armenia in the absence of Deiotarus, besides many Cities of Cappadocia, Pontus and Bithynia. Cæsar busied then in the affairs of Ægypt, and hoping to subdue Pharnaces by

Lieutenants hand, sends Domitius Calvinus *to that war, commanding him to take the regency of Asia, and of those Armies which he found there.* Domitius *joining the* Kings Deiotarus *and* Ariobarzanes *to him, marches directly against* Pharnaces, *who was then at Nicopolis, where in fight* Domitius *was vanquished.* Dion. lib. 42.

(g) *Those three words,* Veni, vidi, vici, *did afterward in* Cæsar's *triumph expresse his sudden conquest of* Pharnaces, *and that then he uttered such a speech concerning* Pompey, Appian *is my authority.*

(h) Cæsar *in the midst of winter sailed into Affrica; by which speed of his (saith* Dion*) in comming unawares upon his enemies, he had often prospered in his greatest affairs: nor was there any other so great reason, why* Cæsar *so much excelled all other Generals of those times, as his wonderfull speed in all expeditions.* Dion. lib. 42.

The third Book.

The Argument of the third Book.

Juba *from* Scipio *to his Kingdome goes.*
Cæsar *escapes the ambush of his foes,*
And till th' arrivall of his full supplies,
Himselfe within Ruspina fortifies.
Sage Cato's *counsell to Great* Pompey's *son.*
Juba's *return; the whole war meets upon*
Vrzita's plains, and is remov'd from thence
To Thapsus fatall fields: what dire ostents
Forego the battell; Cæsars *victory;*
To severall coasts the vanquish'd Princes flie.

NOW near this mighty war began to draw:
Those blood-stain'd swords, which dire Pharsalia saw
With no lesse guilt in Libya meet again.
To draw that little blood that did remain
In Romes afflicted State: Why did you spare
It then, oh gods, to make a second war?
Was it cause one, though ne'r so great a blow,
The Roman Empire could not overthrow?
Or must moe lands behold her fall? moe grounds
Drinke in the blood of her unnaturall wounds?
Or must this second war declare to all
The State subsisted after *Pompey's* fall,
And once again her freedome might have seen,
Had *Cæsar's* war alone 'gainst *Pompey* been.

Rome

ome now in Affrick is; thole ſcorched grounds
That once her conqueſt ſaw, now ſee her wounds.
Where once the *Scipio*'s with triumphant Fate
Advanc'd her Eagles 'gainſt a rivall State.
This *Scipio* now inſtead of barbarous foes,
In Romes behalfe 'gainſt Romes dictator goes.
But fate awhile, content with meaner play,
Reſpits the tryall of ſo great a day.
So many lives as there reſolv'd were met,
Muſt not be thrown into the hazard yet.
Nor muſt ſad *Thapſus* give the fatall blow
Of *Juba*'s fall, and *Scipio*'s overthrow,
Untill Rhulpina, and Uzzita's Walls
Have felt the force of both the Generals,
And other parts of Affrick have beheld,
Some bloody prologues to ſo great a field.
Fortune a while from helping *Scipio*,
Diverts King *Juba*'s ſtrength, inforc'd to go
With ſpeedy marches to his Kingdomes aid;
Which (*a*) *Sittius* now and *Bocchus* did invade.
And *Cæſars* troops remaining on the ſhore
Of Sicily, himſelfe had croſſed o'r
Into a land poſſeſſed by his foes,
With one weak new-fill'd legion; nor to thoſe
That ſtay'd behind, could he appoint the Port,
Where they ſhould land, or whither to reſort,
(As he in former wars had ever done)
Committing all to Fortunes rule alone,
So much on her protection he rely'd;
Nor had ſhee ever fail'd his greateſt need.
Could it not ſeem to thine ambitious thought
Cæſar, enough, that fortune ever wrought
Th' accompliſhment of all thy higheſt hopes,
When e'r in field inviron'd with thy troops,
Thou fought'ſt againſt thy greateſt foes; but ſhe
Without an army too muſt ſuccour thee?

And

And all thy raſh adventures rectifie?
Was not thy ſcape from Ægypts treachery,
Thy ſafe arrivall on Brunduſium's ſhore,
(The ſtormy ſeas ſo boldly ventured o'r
From Greece by night) enough for her to do?
How oft ſhall fortune more her favour ſhow
From private dangers in protecting thee,
Than in beſtowing th' earths ſole Monarchy.
From Adumetum, where in Garriſon
Conſidius lay, whoſe truth could not be won
From *Scipio's* ſide, does *Cæſar* march away
With his ſmall army, but in fair array.
Since now his higheſt hopes were not to get
The Town, but thence in ſafety to retreat.
Nor was that granted him, *Conſidius* horſe
With furious ſallies oft moleſt his courſe,
And vex his Armies rear; t' encounter thoſe
Aſſaults, does *Cæſar* in the rear diſpoſe
The ableſt men, and marching ſlowly on
Safe to Rhuſpina brings his legion.
Nor did that act of war, though ſeeming ſmall,
But well become ſo great a Generall.
From thence removing, Leptis him receives,
In which a little Garriſon he leaves,
And to Rhuſpina marches back again;
That only Town in Affrick did remain
A ſafe retreat for *Cæſar's* feeble power:
Nor thither then unleſſe a Conqueror
Could he arrive; danger beſet the way.
Fierce *Labienus* and *Pacidius* lay
In ambuſh there; in which, though timely ſpi'd,
Was *Cæſar's* skill and fortune wholly tri'd.
He breaks with Conqueſt through the adverſe troops,
Fortune but mocking *Labienus* hopes.
Who now with loſſe forſakes the field, and bears,
To Adrumetum his hurt Souldiers.

Cæſa

Cæſar returning with his little band
Into Rhuſpina, takes a work in hand
Of wondrous toile (ſince now reſolv'd no more
To march from thence, till on the Libyan ſhore
His legions all arrive; whom every day
Chiding the winds and fortune for their ſtay,
His eager thoughts expect) two trenches down
To the Sea-ſhore he draws, one from the Town,
Another from his Camp; on either ſide
With ſharpned ſtakes, and engines fortifi'd,
So well, as that, without the Garriſon,
They might by land ſecure both Camp and Town,
And make the ſhore between at his diſpoſe:
But there inclos'd by his inſulting foes
(For *Scipio* now with his great ſtrength drew nigh)
He paies, in wants, for that ſecurity.
Nor can his men from out their trenches go
To fetch proviſion in by land; the foe
Cuts off all paſſage there; and in diſdain
Of *Cæſar's* weakneſſe, on the ſpatious plain,
Scipio oft ſets his battels in array,
Who 'mongſt themſelves in wanton skirmiſh play,
And exerciſe their Elephants, in ſight
Of *Cæſar's* trenches, and unuſuall light
In Roman armies; thoſe beaſts ne'r had been
Till *Pyrrhus* warr'd with Rome, by Romans ſeen;
Nor e'r in triumph to the people ſhown,
Till the Dictator *Curius* had o'rthrown
The Samnites, Sabines, and King *Pyrrhus* power:
The like *Metellus* Cretes fam'd Conqueror,
From his Sicilian victory did bring,
And *Pompey's* Triumph o'r Numidia's King.
Uncertaine aids in war they ever prove,
And with like danger to both armies move,
As well their own annoying as the foes,
Fitter for other labours (ſure) than thoſe;

Nor,

Nor, though their ſtrength be wondrous, for that end
Did prudent Nature thoſe great beaſts intend.
The Nabathæan lands, where they are bred
Are recompens'd with thoſe rich teeth they ſhed,
Through all the world a wealthie marchandiſe
Which on their deaths oft ſets a greedy price;
But greater far the Eaſtern countrey yields,
Than thoſe within the Mauritanian fields.
And far more fierce; ſuch as in India
Great *Alexander's* frighted Souldiers ſaw.
These mightie beaſts: as they in bulk exceed,
And paſs in ſtrength all other far, that feed
On earths vaſt boſom, do as far excel
(If ancient Authors have obſerved well)
In apprehenſion, and large faculties
Of ſoul 'gainſt beaſts they onely exerciſe
Thoſe qualities (or like to them) which we
In men ſtile vertues; perfect equitie
They keep, and laws of juſtice have no uſe;
To which all morral virtues we reduce.
Nor are theſe creatures thought by ſome to be
Quite void of th' intellectuall facultie,
But that they can diſcern and underſtand
The language ſpoken in their native land;
And might diſcourſe, if to ſo ſtrange a wit
Nature had pleas'd to lend them organs fit,
Not ſpeak as Crows and Parrets oft have done
By imitation of a ſound alone.
If we ſo much to Elephants ſhould give,
Why ſhould we call them creatures ſenſitive:
We muſt extend the facultie of ſenſe
To larger bounds and put leſſe difference
'Twixt that and reaſon; or betwixt the two
Find out a middle region to beſtow
Their knowledge in; as ſome things that live,
We place 'twixt ſenſe and vegatation give.

But

But in a higher kind (as ſome relate)
Do Elephants with men communicate.
(If you believe it) a religion
They have, and monethly do adore the Moon,
Beſides the loftie Nabathæan wood
Of vaſt extent Amylo's gentile floud
Gliding along, the ſandie mould combines
Thither, as oft as wexing *Cynthia* ſhines
In her firſt borrowed light, from out the wood
Come all the Elephants, and in the floud
Waſhing themſelves (as if to purifie)
They proſtrate fall; and when religiouſly)
They have ador'd the Moon, return again
Into the woods with joy. Nor half ſo vain
Is this devotion which theſe beaſts preſent,
As that which men more brutiſhly invent;
Nor (as the mad Ægyptians us'd) do they
To Dogs and Snakes, and vileſt creatures pray,
Nor to the ſenſeleſs Leeks and Onyons bow,
Such Gods as yearly in their Gardens grow;
Nor yet to wood or ſtone devotion doe
More ſenſeleſs than the ſtones they bow unto;
A far more glorious creature they adore.
Should this be true of Elephants, far more
Wiſe in religion are thoſe beaſts then men:
But if that this a fiction be, why then
Did mens invention fain a beaſt to be
Wiſer, than are themſelves in Pietie?
While at Rhuſpina both the Generals
Encamped reſt; in Utica's ſtrong wals
Cato remaines with *Pompey's* eldeſt (*b*) ſon,
Whom thus ſage *Cato* ſharply ſets upon:
Awake young man, and now in time redeem
Thy youth from floath-bred ſcorn; from diſeſteem
Go vindicate the name of *Pompey* now:
Go try all Kingdomes, ſearch all Seas to know

How

How great thy father was ; what Fame he won,
How ſtrong he leaves thee in thy name alone :
Try if the ſeas, which his brave hand did free
From Pyrats, can deny a fleet to thee.
That ſtock of glory which thy Father wonne,
And left behind for thee to ſpend upon, (ſide
Arms thee with ſtrength enough (though nought be-
So good a cauſe could lend) 'gainſt *Cæſar's* pride.
Go try the fartheſt Weſt, ſollicite Spain ;
The name of *Pompey* is enough to gain
Thoſe Nations to thy ſide : if nought at all
Thy groaning Countries ſuff'rings, nor the fall
Of Roman Liberty affect thy mind :
Although thou could'ſt endure a Lord, and find
Content in ſerving, yet the wrongs which thou
Alone from *Cæſar* ſuffreſt, were enow
To rouz thy ſpirits, and ſtir thine enmity.
If thy great Father for Romes Liberty
And Lawes alone fought in Pharſalia,
As great a Fortune didſt thou loſe that day
As on a private Citizen could light :
But if thy father for himſelfe did fight;
Thy loſſe was more, and *Cæſar* then from thee
By Conqueſt took the worlds ſole Monarchy.
But would'ſt thou know the true inheritance
Which he did dying leave thee, to advance
The name of *Pompey*; which may ever be
Thine own, in ſpite of *Cæſars* enmity,
Which honour bids thee claim, and Rome now needs ?
The imitation of his noble deeds
Is thine inheritance : 'twas his brave fate,
When great bad men had ſeiz'd th' afflicted State,
When *Marius* faction did the wals invade,
And Rome it ſelfe a ſlaughter houſe was made,
To ſave his Country bleeding then, as now,
And not ſo much in debt to years as thou.

When

When he no honours yet, no titles had,
No power at all but what his Vertue made,
He rais'd an army, reſcu'd Italy.
By him did *Carbo* in Sicilia dye;
By him did Spain behold *Sertorius* fall:
And then in triumph to the Capitoll
He, but a Gentleman of Rome did bring
Hyempſal vanquiſh'd the Numidian King.
All this before he had attain'd unto
Thy age, young *Pompey*, did thy father do;
Which to his future greatneſſe made the way,
And ſleep'ſt thou here? What help in Affrica
Lend'ſt thou to Rome more than one private hand?
Go gather Forces in another land;
Repair the ruins of thy houſe, or dye
Great as thy birth hath made thee. No reply
Young *Pompey* made at all; but, as if from
Some ſacred Oracle the ſpeech had come,
Or Romes own voice from *Cato*'s breſt had ſpoke,
His modeſty obey'd, and ſtraightway took
A long (*c*) farewell, never to meet again,
But find a Tomb in Europe, and to Spain
Carry as great a part of Romes ſad wounds
As dire Theſſalia's blood-diſtained grounds,
Or fatall Thapſus ſaw. Though deſtiny
Have not allotted, brave young man, to thee
So great and long a race of happineſſe
As to thy Father, yet thy fall no leſſe
Than his ſhall be in weight, nor ſhall the field
Of fatall Munda, to Pharſalia yield.
Cæſar ſuppli'd with ſtrength from Sicily
Marches away, to take and fortifie
Thoſe lofty Hils (in ſpight of enemies)
Which from the champian, neare Uzzita, riſe:
Which hils he takes and fortifies with eaſe:
Though *Labienus* vain-laid ambuſhes

To

To their own ruin did moleſt his way,
By *Cæſar's* Scouts diſcover'd where they lay
Too ſoon; and ſo by changed fate call'd on
In ſtead of his, their own deſtruction.
So a Getulian Lion when beſet
By weak arm'd Hunters, whoſe vain force doth whet,
Not daunt his courage, with collected ire
Breaks through, and makes his wounded foes retire:
His ſeeming danger nought but anger moves,
And fatall onely to the Hunters proves.
Juba return'd and join'd with *Scipio*,
With all their forces to Uzzita go:
Now the whole war was met; Uzzita's Walls
Beheld the Camps of both Romes Generals.
Thrice there did *Scipio* his whole ſtrength diſplay;
Thrice *Cæſar* ſet his battels in array
Eager of fight; and thrice provok'd his foe
To tryall of the day; but *Scipio*
Would not th' advantage of the place forſake.
Nor did the deſtinies intend to make
Uzzita guilty of ſo great a ſtain,
Which did for Trapſus fatall fields remain.
Whither, diſſodging from his Camp by night,
(When *Scipio* could not be provok'd to fight)
With proſperous Omen, *Cæſar* marches on:
There then *Virgilius* lay in Garriſon,
Faithfull to *Scipio* and the Senates ſide,
The place by nature ſtrongly fortifi'd.
Scipio and *Juba* follow, though the aire
Gave ſad preſages of the future war,
The earth and ſides the like; his mourning face
The Sun with clouds obſcured: in whoſe place
Ruin portending Comets did diſplay
Their blazing Lamps, and made a diſmall day:
And lightning through the uncertaine aire gave light
More full of horrour then the ſhades of night.

The

The thunders voice was heard there where the aire
From clouds was free; and th'horrid noise of war
From thence resounded: Helms of brass did swear,
Some Piles and swords did melt; nor could they get
By strength their heavy Standards from the ground:
Which swarms of Bees o'r-spread; a hallow sound
Of Lions sadly murmuring was heard
About the Camp: the Mountains all appear'd
To move, which did about Uzalta stand.
And from the farthest part of Libyan land,
The Mauritanian *Atlas* seem'd to shake
His skie supporting top: Birds seem'd to take
Unusuall flights; bad entrails did appear,
And fill'd the sacrificing Priests with feare:
Nor mean the gods, when these portents they show,
To teach fraile mortals to prevent the woe,
But feare it onely. The unhappy troops
To Thapsus march distraught 'twixt feares and hopes,
Where this great war shall shortly find an end,
On which so many ruins do depend.
The Libyan Thapsus a sea-bordering Towne
An Isle almost by situation,
Is by that Sea, which Affrick doth divide
From Sicily, environ'd at one side;
The other side a spatious fen o'rflowes,
Guarding that part from all approach of foes:
Betwixt the sea, and that great fen doth stand
(The onely passage to the Town by land)
A little Isthmos, which (although not wide)
A standing lake doth in the midst divide,
And makes two narrow passages of one:
Within these straits, not far from Thapsus Town
Cæsar is enterr'd now with all his troops,
And with strong works; and deep digg'd trenches stops
All means of sallies from the Town, that might
Perchance infest his armies rear in fight.

Scipio encamp'd there where the Isthmos ends
Within the continent, with speed intends
To draw a trench down to the shore, and so
Within that neck of land shut up the foe:
But till the work be perfected, to hide
What he intends, or battell to abide,
In fair array he marshals all his bands:
Himselfe with his Italian legions stands
In the mid battel; *Juba's* legions
Mixt of so many severall Nations,
Make the right battell; on the left doth stand
Stout *Labienus* with a warlike band
Of Gaules, which he had from Brundusium led,
And German troops, which from Pharsalia fled,
Old foes to *Cæsar*: thither *Varus* brings
His Libyan Cohorts: but before both wings
The mighty Elephants are plac'd, to fright
The foes first on-set; and by them the light
Numidian horse, and Mauritanian too:
Behind the beasts the light arm'd souldiers go,
His poison'd quiver the black Mibian bears,
The strong Mazacians their wel-brandish'd Spears,
Of aim as sure as Parthian shafts; by these
With crooked Swords of Adrymachides.
But seeing *Cæsar's* army in array,
And now not likely to protract the day.
Thus *Scipio* speaks: True Romans, if a Cause
So just, so great, as to this battel draws
Your far-engaged hands, could need at all
Any incitements from a Generall,
The wrongs of Rome, the foes impiety
Afford too large, too sad a scope for me
To play the Oratour, and though the fall
Of our sad State and Lawes in generall,
Should not affect your minds; cast but an eie
Upon those blood-stain'd fields of Thessaly,

Think

Think on Pharſalia's ſlaughter, and learn there
What each man ſuffers in particular,
Beſide the publique loſſe: let every Ghoſt
Of friend or kinſman, that that day was loſt,
(Yet unreveng'd) excite your valour now:
On us the gods and Fortune here beſtow
A juſter cauſe than there, for *Cæſar's* guilt
Was not ſo great before that blood was ſpilt:
Nor could that honour, Souldiers, have been gain'd
In Theſſaly, that may be here obtain'd
By *Cæſar's* fall; now his eſteem is more,
Although his ſtrength no greater then before,
And we are bound to fortune, who in this
On equall hazards ſets a greater price.
Nor need you fear that ſhe ſhould now forſake
Her Romes defence, whom ſhe has toil'd to make
Head of the world ſo long, becauſe you ſaw
Cæſar ſubdu'd Rome in Pharſalia.
The date of *Pompey's* fortune was expir'd,
His many triumphs, which her favour tir'd,
So long had laſted, as it had been thought
(Had *Cæſar* fall'n when that great field was fought)
Not Romes, but *Pompey's* fortune had prevail'd:
And Rome then only her long favour fail'd,
As loth a private man ſhould think her his,
And ſhe depriv'd of publike ſacrifice.
But think not, Romans, the rebellious Fate
Of one proud man, ſhall ſtill out-weigh the State:
Nor does the anger of the gods appeare
(If this good Omen we may truſt) that here
On Affricks Sun-burnt face you meet the foe
Under the conduct of a *Scipio*.
I need not boaſt what every Nation knows,
With what triumphant Fate the *Scipi'os*
In Affrick have advanc'd Romes power and fame,
How well her Fortune pleas'd her in that name?

And what forbids us hope the like, ſince we
As lawfully are armed here, and he
Whom now our loyall valour copes withall,
As great a foe to Rome as *Hannibal?*
Into your hands the gods have put their dome;
Nought but your vertue can reſtore to Rome
Her lawes, and baniſh'd Citizens again;
For baniſhed are you, and muſt remain
For ever ſo, unleſſe you conquer here;
He that would ſee his native land, his neer
And deareſt pledges, by the ſword muſt now
Redeem them all in *Cæſar's* overthrow.
Their ſpirits were rouzed; and the Roman troops
Inflam'd with love of fight, and fill'd with hopes;
No leſſe did *Iuba's* barbarous Nations,
With rude and diffe: ent acclamations
Deſire a ſignall, and precepitate
With eagerneſſe their own unhappy fate.
Cæſar perceiving that the gods gave way
To his deſire, and now the wiſh'd for day
Of fight was come, advances, and thus cheers
With confidence his forward Souldiers.
The time is come, brave Souldiers, that muſt crown
And guerdon all the ſervice you have done,
That muſt conclude the labours of the ſword,
And (maugre envy) to your heads afford
All thoſe triumphant Bayes which hitherto
Have been deſerr'd, deſerv'd ſo long ago,
For conquer'd Gallia, Britain, Germany,
Treacherous *Pharneces* and falſe *Ptolomey*;
All theſe has fortune but deferr'd till now,
To join with them proud *Iuba's* overthrow,
Great as the greateſt; and this field when done,
Confirms or loſes all that we have wone;
But 'twere a crime to doubt it, ſince I ſee
Thoſe looks that never fail'd of victory.

Let

Let yon' torn remnant of Pharſalia know
Their Conquerours. More would he ſay, when lo
From the right wing not ſtaying his command,
The Trumpets ſound a charge, and from their ſtand,
(Although the Tribunes and Centurions ſtrive
To keep them back) the ſouldiers ruſh to give
The on-ſet ſtraight; nor them in vain to ſtay
Does *Cæſar* ſtrive, but gives their courage way:
As when two Chariots are prepar'd to run,
And one too haſty from the liſt is gone,
In vain the Charrioter their courſe would ſtay,
The ungovern'd horſes hurry him away.
Then with a rage as great as if two ſeas
(Some god removing, for the Sailers eaſe,
The long Malæa) ſhould each other meet,
Both hoſts incounter, and begin the fight
With horrid ſhowts, that all the mountains nigh
Reſound aloud, and back from Sicily
High Lilybæum to the Libyan ſhore,
Return's again their eccho'd clamours o'r,
As much afraid to harbour but the ſound
Of ſuch a war within that quiet ground:
Their noiſe not that of Thracian *Boreas*
Among the Pines of Oſſa, can ſurpaſſe,
Nor that which Nilus falling water makes
Precipitated down the Chataracts,
When with his foam he ſeems to lave the skie,
And ſtrikes a deafneſſe through the dwellers nigh.
Miſchiefe and fury rage; revenge doth one
Excite, the other indignation:
That after *Pompey's* death the war at all
Should laſt, and find another Generall.
Blood all th' adjoining fen diſcolours o'r,
And makes a flood, where ne'r was flood before,
And from the moiſture of ſo many wounds,
Combines the mould of Affricks thirſty grounds.

Through both the hosts *Enyo's* blazing light
Like fatall lightning flashing flies t' excite
Their thoughts to fury; the Tartarian god
Set ope the vaults where Libyan ghosts abode;
And from th' internall caverns set them free
To view a while this fatall Tragedy.
And glut their dire revenge with Roman blood;
Upon the mountains gloomy tops they stood,
Blasting the day, and round about the hosts
Making a balefull ring, the cruel ghosts
Of *Iugurth*, *Syphax*, and Great *Hannibal*;
Who for their own, and Carthages sad fall
Did then excuse the gods, when they beheld
The Roman fury in that mortall field.
Yet in Romes ruin Libya suffers too:
More wrack, alas, shall this sad battel doe,
Than after ages can repair with ease.
More desolation now, more wilderness
The wasted face of Affrick shall o'r-spread,
And beasts possesse the seats of Nations dead;
Where feared Monarchs once gave lawes to men,
Shall Lions reign, and Tygers make their dens;
The slimy Serpents all alone shall crawle,
And wanting men, shall be no plague at all.
Cæsar foreseeing th' Elephants that were
In front of *Iuba's* battell, would strike feare
Into his troops, doth such a cure provide,
As quite converts upon the other side
The Fate that threatned his; to the right wing
His choicest bowes, and missile armes he brings,
And sets them at fair distance, opposite
To th' Elephants; who there begin the fight
With such successe, as makes those beasts to be
The only cause of *Cæsars* victory.
For gaull'd with shafts, confusedly they run
In spight of their distracted guides, upon

Their

Their own unhappy troops, to sudden rout,
Putting all *Juba's* quarter round about.
And bearing down all that before them lay
To *Cæsar's* conquest make a speedy way;
Their mighty strength, since now ungoverned,
And by the hand of fortune only led,
And brings advantage to that side alone,
Which she is pleased to bestow it on.
The Mauritanian, and Numidian horse,
Which there were plac'd by th' Elephants rude force
Orthrown, were crush'd to death, or headlong down
Into the trenches, with their riders thrown,
Some few escaping by disorder'd flight;
The light-arm'd souldiers mixt with these to fight,
Reft of their shelter, now by heaps are slain,
And to the foes, a prey, not war remain;
And tire (as standing not to fight but die)
With their bare throats the murd'ring enemy:
Nought there alas, can weak Bamurians do,
With their fire-harden'd Darts; nought can the Bow
And poison'd Shafts the cole-black Mibian wears
Avail their Master; vain those brittle Spears
Are in the hands of light Autololes,
And crooked Swords of the Adyrmachides:
The weak Cyniphians find that skins of Goats,
Are too light armour to protect their throats;
When Brasse and Iron no defence affords,
Against the force of the Cæsarian swords.
The purple field so great a slaughter strows,
Blood from so many different people flows,
That while King *Juba* takes a sad survey,
In how great bredths his Empires ruin lay,
No private deaths distinguishing at all,
He scarce can count how many Nations fall:
Nor doth he think, his Camp, after so great
An overthrow, can be a safe retreat;

But leaving that to gredy enemies,
A wealthy ſpoile, he with *Petreius* flies.
King *Juba*'s Camp by the purſuing foe
Is ſoon poſſeſt, and the Cæſarians know
Before their victory be fully done,
How great a prize their bloody toils have wone.
But fortune, where the Italian legions fought,
And *Scipio* ſtood, had not ſo quickly wrought
Her *Cæſars* end's: their ſtrength by ſtrength repell'd,
And fury join'd with equall fury, held
The ballance ſtreight, whilſt doubting victory
Seem'd, not a while, reſolved whoſe to be;
Or elſe deferr'd it only to declare
That higheſt fury reignes in Civill war.
That Country men in fight are cruell'ſt foes,
Or greateſt courage from worſt cauſes grows.
On equall hopes they both engaged were,
And in no quarter of the war but here,
Did it at all into a queſtion come
What ſhould be Romes eſtate, or *Cæſars* dome.
Nor was the queſtion here determined,
Till with his Libyan Coborts *Varus* fled,
And *Labienus* too, when he beheld
His ſlaughter'd Gauls and Germans ſtrow the field,
Reſerv'd a while by Deſtinies to ſee
Another ruine great as this, to be
A bleeding part of Romes third mortall wound;
And lye enterr'd in Munda's fatall ground:
As long meant Fortune to prolong their fall,
As Rome with *Cæſar* could contend at all.
Scipio perceives his army overthrown,
And now the loſſe irreparable grown:
Horror diſtracts his thoughts, what ſhould he do?
Survive his battell? and not rather go
Upon the ſwords, and there in height of all
His honour die at Romes chiefe generall,

And

ad by the ruine of ſo great a name
noble *Caſar's* conqueſt? Or give fame
o Thapſus fatall field? For what has Fate
ower to beſtow on ſuch a wretched State,
hat can at all his minde to live invite?
Vith this reſolve in fury of the fight
Had *Scipio* dy'd; but flatt'ring hope withheld
Even ſuch as from Pharſalia's mortall field
Made *Pompey* flie to meet a ſadder fate)
His eager ſoul, that the afflicted State
Though ſeeming dead, after this fatall hour,
Might once more ſtruggle againſt *Caſar's* power:
Then mounted on a Lybian Steed he flies;
And o'r the field his routed companies,
Mixt with the Horſemen take diſord'red flight;
Some legions hoping to retire from fight
To *Juba's* Camp, and it to fortifie,
And finding that ſeiz'd by the enemy,
After the uſuall manner caſting downe
Their armes, they render a ſubmiſſion.
But all in vain; no ſafety at the hands
Of the enrag'd, and fierce Cæſarians.
(Oh ſhame of war!) could their ſubmiſſion get,
Although that *Cæſar* did himſelfe intreat,
Grieving that in his power it lay not then,
To ſave from death his wretched country men,
And by his ſpeech and actions did declare,
That he was then no part of civil war.
He cries aloud, Oh ſpare the yielding foe,
They are no longer foes, but Romans now:
You more than loſe your valour, and to me
Do purchaſe envy here, not victory:
They, that in conqueſts of ſo many lands
Ne'r diſobey'd his moſt ſevere commands,
Nor e'r refus'd what he would put them too,
In this alone their diſobedience ſhow

Now

Now his commands are good: all o'r the plain
Are *Scipio's* Souldiers miserably slain,
That, to this Tragedy compared, light
Were all the slaughters of the former fight.
And now the mourning fields with slaughter strow'd,
And cover'd o'r with horrid ruine, show'd
A full and perfect conquest was obtain'd,
That for the sword no further work remain'd;
When *Cæsar* Master of his highest hopes,
From the pursuit cals back his wearied troops,
And recompences with the wealthy spoils
Of Kings and Nations, their successfull toils.

Annotations to the third Book.

(a) Cæsar *having but a small force in Affrica and much troubled at the report of the great army of his enemies, that all King* Juba's *forces joined with* Scipio, *found help from an occasion little expected: for (as* Dion *relates it)* Publius Sittius *(if we may attribute it to* Sittius, *and not rather to fortune) brought unto* Cæsar *not onely a timely safety, but a great victory: this* Sittius *expelled before out of Italy, and joining to himselfe some other exiles, passed over into Mauritania; there obtaining an army from King* Bocchus, *he resolved to aid* Cæsar *in this warre; though he had neither received any benefits from him, nor was at all known to him; but because he heard that* Cæsar *was far from him, and could then give him no great help (for* Cæsar's *forces in Affrick were then but small) watching the time when King* Juba *drew his army out of his own Country, he invaded Numidia, and Getulia, another part of* Juba's *Kingdome, wasting and spoiling both the Countries; by which accident King* Juba *was forced to omit his expedition, and march back againe with the greater part of his forces to the rescue of his own Kingdome; for he had sent part of his strength to* Scipio *before; so that*

it

it is certain if King Juba *by Fortune had not then been diverted from joyning with* Scipio, Cæsar *had not been able to have ſtood againſt their united forces, nor maintained himſelfe then in Affrica,* Dion lib. 43.

(b) *The Roman Armie remaining in Affrica, hearing that Spain was vexed with diſſentions and ſeditions, ſent thither* Cneius Pompeius *the eldeſt ſon of* Pompey *the Great, as thinking that he for his fathers ſake would bee received in Spain with greateſt honour; adviſing him, that when he had ſetled his affairs there, he ſhould march to Rome; and they themſelves intended with all their forces to meet him there, and make the war in Italy, this counſel was had while* Cæsar *as yet lingred in* Ægypt *according to* Dion lib. 42. *but* Hirtius *in his commentaries relates it after that time.*

(c) Cneius Pompeius *chid by* Cato, *and adviſed to go into Spain and raiſe forces, with thirtie ſhips of all ſorts, putting to Sea at Utica, ſailed to Mauritania, and entred the Kingdome of King* Bogud: *there ſetting his armie on ſhore, which conſiſted of about two thouſand ſlaves, and Freemen part armed, and part unarmed, he marched toward the Town of Aſcurum; in which Town there was then a Garriſon of the Kings, the Garriſon ſuffering* Pompey *to paſſe quietely till he approched the very wals of the Town, ſallying out then, on the ſudden overcame them, and ſome they killed, ſome they forced into the Sea;* Pompey *himſelf with a few of his men getting to their Ships ſailed away, after which he never more arrived on the ſhore of Affrica. but went to the Balarick Iſland, and from thence to Spain,* comment. de bello Affricano.

The

The fourth booke.

The Argument of the fourth book.

To his imperial Zamah Juba *flies,*
And thence exclude, with Petreius *dies*
Amidst their banquets bleeding. Scipio *slain*
By his own hands, within the waterie main
Intombs himselfe: the death of Cato *fames*
Old Utica; Cæsar *laments, and blames*
His wilful Fate; and from the Libyan coast
Is shipp'd for Rome with his victorious host.

But all the wrack, that Thapsus fields had made,
The fields could not containe; nor could so sad,
And great a ruin in such narrow bounds
Be circumscrib'd: the high Imperial wounds
Which there were given, in other regions bled.
And those great names, which from that battel fled,
As loath to mixe with vulgar Funerals,
Must bear the fame of their renowned fals
To other lands, lest this great loss should be
In storie told as one calamitie.
With winged speed by nights obscuritie
From Thapsus *Juba* and *Petreius* flie,
To reach strong Zamah the Imperial seat
Of *Juba's* Realm, a Citie fair and great;
In which, when first the war began, he lay'd
His wealth, and deerest pledges had convey'd;

But

But now the gates were shut: the men deny'd
Their King an entrance; and with scoffs diride
His threats and prayers, for his changed Fate
Now gave them leave freely to shew their hate;
And all too late is *Juba* forc'd to see
The curs'd effects of former tyrannie.
Oh wretched state of Tyrants that ne'r see,
Untill their sight in vain and bootless be,
Their just esteem; nor ever till too late,
Can know what men deserve their love or hate.
In wretched times your friends are only known;
But when that knowledge comes, the power is gone,
Your State requital, or revenge denies,
And fortune, but to grieve you, opes your eyes.
The King oppress't with griefe, and fill'd with ire,
Unto the countrie Palace doth retire,
Not far from thence; with him *Petreius* goes,
And a small troup of Horse; there, they repose
Their warie bodies and vex'd minds, untill
A great resolve their breasts with comfort fill;
Then he commands his servants for to prepare
Forthwith a stately banquet, and with rare
And sumptuous cates a full repast they take;
When thus King *Juba* to *Petreius* spake;
Roman thou seest how fortunes utmost spight
Pursues our actions, and hath 'reft us quite
Of any future hopes; nothing can be
Safetie to us but *Cæsar's* clemencie.
But thou and I in all the Civil war
'Gainst *Cæsar's* side, have been engag'd too far
To hope for mercie; which, I might have,
By all our gods I should disdain to crave;
For love of *Pompey* I was *Cæsar's* foe,
And in the great'st extreame dare still be so.
Had he prevailed, a welcome friend to Rome
With greatest honour *Juba* might have come;

Nor

Nor shall she now behold me captive there
And led as *Syphax* and *Jugurtha* were, (power
Like slaves through her proud streets, to grace the
Of an insulting laurilel'd Conquerour:
No let Rome rather hear how *Juba* dy'd,
Disdaining *Cæsar*'s pietie, or his pride.
I do not want a Hand, a Heart, a Sword,
Or whatsoever else may death afford;
But do invite *Petreius* as my friend,
To share in this last act of fame, my end:
Our cause, our Fortunes are alike in all;
Then like our selves, brave Romans let us fall,
But ule each others helpe: unsheath thy Sword,
And let our friendship strive who shall afford,
First freedom to his friend, love shall ingage
My valour against thee, as much as rage
Against a foe. *Petreius* draws his Sword,
And thus in short returns: brave Libyan Lord,
Worthy whom Rome with honour still should name,
To whom *Petreius* gladly owes his fame;
Nor (though a Roman Generall) do I
Blush to be taught by *Juba* how to die;
It was the Roman genius prompted thee
To this, lest Rome should be inforc'd to see,
That King a captive, and in triumph brought,
That had for her, her laws and freedom fought;
That had with *Scipio* and the Senate stood;
And thy disgrace prove *Cæsar*'s conquest good
Against his Countrey; no great King, of thee
Rome still shall hold a dearer memorie;
With *Massanissab* shalt thou ranked stand,
When our sad Annals *Cæsar*'s deeds shall brand,
And marke his partie with as black a stain
As *Catiline*, and his rebellious train.
The rest my Sword shall speak for me, and prove
How much thy freedom, and mine owne I love.

With

With that they both in equal furie meet,
And with such fierce assaults each other greet,
As who had seen the combat, might suppose
That, so much valour had not fought to lose,
But guard by conquest a desired life:
At last to end this hot dispiercing strife,
Iuba a bootless conquest did obtain;
Under whose force was weak *Petreius* slain:
Keep in (quoth *Iuba*) life awhile, and see
A life let out to bear thy companie:
If not, before thou cross the Stygian Lake,
My fleeting soul thy ghost shall overtake,
Farewel you fading glorie that attend
A Kingly state, too feeble to defend
Your proud possessours from the storms of Fate:
What rest upon the slipperie heights of State
Finds man? What stay on fortunes restless wheel
Oh treacherous Zamah, may thy false neck feel
Romes yoke as hard, as thou to thy true Lord
Disloyal prov'st; then falling on his sword.
From forth his strugling breast his Spirit flies,
And night eternal closes up his eyes.

But see, from Thapsus fatal overthrow
A nobler death drawes neer, Great *Scipio*
Romes General, that had so lately led
The Senates war 'gainst *Cæsar*'s fortune fled
From that sad battel in a poor disguise,
And one small bark, the Seas of Libya tries,
To find from thence safe passage into Spain
Where *Pompey*'s sons with all their strength remain,
But by a storm was driven into the Bay
Of Hippo, where the Ships of Sitius lay,
Left there in *Cæsar*'s name to guard the coast,
Scipio perceives himselfe and Bark are lost,
The weather cross, cuts off all hope of flight:
The winds (quoth he) and Seas for *Cæsar* fight;

Why

Why did I ſcape the ſtormie main? Oh why
From Thapſus fatal battel did I flie,
And not in height of all mine honour fall,
Fighting for Rome to die her General;
Oh would Pharſalia's battel had deſtroy'd
This ill kept life, before that here imploy'd,
The Senats war with ill ſucceſs I led,
And Affrick ſaw *Scipio* vanquiſhed.
You noble Souls of my dead anceſtours,
That hither oft have led the Roman powers
With glorious fame, as Carthages great fall,
As captive *Syphax*, vanquiſh'd *Hannibal*,
And ſaved Rome can witneſs, bluſh not now
At this your Nephews hapleſs overthrow;
No Libyan forces, but the ſtrength of Rome,
Has Rome it ſelfe, and *Scipio* overcome;
By her own ſtrength ſubdu'd, with her I die,
To wait upon expiring libertie:
By this occaſion Fate with kind intent,
To me neceſſitie of death is ſent.
Leſt I my freedome might perchance out live;
Nor could the gods a fitter bounſie give.
Let *Pompey*'s ſons now trie their Fate, and gain
Our laws and State again, or loſe in Spain
As much from Rome, As here in Affrick I,
Or their Great Father loſt in Theſſalie.
My courſe is run; and though this armed hand
Shall teſtifie I could have dyed by land,
The Ocean likes me beſt, within the main:
Unknown for ever *Scipio* ſhall remain.
Oh let my floating carkais never com
To land, leſt Affrick ſhould beſtow a Tomb,
And to her ſons in after ages ſhow
A monument of vanquiſh'd *Scipio*:
With that a Ponyard in his hand he took,
And with a ſtrength of arm ſo certain ſtrook

His

is willing breast, that thence the gushing bloud,
Made on the Decks a crimson pretious floud:
But he, while yet his vital parts retain,
Some spirits, leaps into the curled main,
And her blew waves with purple staining, dies.
Enbury'd *Scipio's* noble bodie lies
Within the Seas deep bosom; th' Oceans frie
Devour the flesh of that brave familie
In which great Rome may make her fullest boast;
All her actions, all her fame were lost;
All those severall vertues, pietie,
True fortitude, admired constancie,
Impartial justice, frugal temperance,
That through the world her honour did advance,
In all names else had been forgot and gone,
In this renowned familie alone
All might be found, nor did the Roman fame
Ere shine more bright then in a *Scipio's* name:
Why did thy country want an urn for thee?
Ore which the peoples untaught pietie
Might truly mourn, and pay the teares they ow
Unto the ruin'd race of *Scipio*.
By this the flying companies, that were
From that sad battel scap'd, had every where
Fill'd Liby'as Town and with terrour and dismay:
At Utica the noble *Cato* lay
In Garison; who free from private fear,
Not for himselfe dismay'd at all, to hear
The fatal news of *Scipio* overthrown,
Exhorts his Souldiers to defend the Town,
'Gainst *Cæsar's* entrie; but perceiving then,
Tn' astonishment, and faintness of his men,
He with the same unshaken constancie
Forgives their fear, and counsels them to flie;
Provides from all the neighbouring ports a fleet
Using his utmost diligence to get

Them safely all aboord, and timely gone,
Careful for every safetie but his own.
The Citizens of Utica he cheers
With hope of *Cæsar's* Clemencie, and cleers
All dismal clouds of fear and jealousies
That might within their fainting breasts arise;
And such to them with cheerful looks (although
Resovl'd to die) did *Cato* strive to show,
As if himselfe had not at all disdained
To beg, or take a life at *Cæsar's* hand.
He whose austerer vertue nere before
Had given him leave to hide, or colour ore
His least intention, whom no fear had taught
How to dissemble, or once swerve in ought
From his profest, and rigid path of right,
For love of death now plays the hypocrite.

Nights silent reign had robb'd the World of light
To lend, in lieu, a greater benefit,
Repose and sleep; when every mortal breast
Whom care or griefe permitted, took their rest.
But *Cato's* breast was not alone set free
From perturbation and anxietie,
By vertues constant use, for soft repose
Or sleep, the common end, but to compose
And raise it selfe unto an act more high,
The contmplation of eternitie.

In contemplation the untroubled soul
Parts from the bodies bonds, free from controul
Of fleshly passions, by no cares distracted,
(Not as in sleep she does, to lie contracted
Within her self, and from all action cease)
But to imploy her purest faculties
At nobler distance, where no sense of sight,
Or outward organ can direct her flight;
There by her self the Soule can take survey
Of those high glorious bodies, which display

(Objects

Objects too bright for sense) in their own light
Some beames and glimpses of that infinite
Eternall essence, from whose fulnes they
Derive their beauties: there the Soul would stay,
Or wishes that from lets corporeal free
It might (what now she cannot) plainly see
Those formes; and does in that desire imply
Her own undoubted immortalitie.
But ere the mind of man can fitted be,
To search the depth of true Philosophie,
It must be purg'd by moral rules, and freed
From impious lusts, from vice of thought and deed.
And as a wise Physitian ever gives
Before his medicines, clean preparatives;
So let no soul contemplate, till it be
Prepar'd and purg'd by sound moralitie.
First let it practise vertue here, before
With contemplations wings it dare to soar,
In search of that, which is the perfect'st good
And height of all that can be understood;
Last, as in Physick, the unpurg'd humours may
Distract the medicins working force; so they
Not purg'd from vices through false glasses see,
And oft deceiv'd in speculation be;
Unto thy selfe first moral Physick give,
And then securely be contemplative.
So cleans'd was *Cato*'s soul; and fit was he
For strictest precepts of Philosophie,
Since vertues paths, which rough to others seem,
Long use had made habitual to him.
To whom the Fates present, as now on high
His thoughts were soaring to eternity,
An Object fit; casting his eye aside,
Divinest *Platos Phædon* he espy'd,
Oh welcome booke sent from the Gods (quoth he)
To teach a dying man Philosophy;

And though thou canst not further, or controule
The resolution of my fixed soul,
Since Fate has doom'd my end, yet mayest thou give
Comfort to those few hours I have to live.
Mans soul immortall is; whilest here they live Plat.
The purest minds for perfect knowledge strive, Phæd.
Which is the knowledge of that glorious God,
From whom all life proceeds; in'this abode
Of flesh, the Soul could never reach so high;
So reason tells us; if the Soul then dye,
When from the bodies bond she takes her flight,
Her unfulfill'd desire is frustrate quite,
And so be slow'd in vain: it follows then
The best desires unto the best of men,
The great Creator did in vain dispence;
Or else the Soul must live when gone from hence;
And if it live after the body fall,
What reason proves that it should dye at all?
Since, not compounded as the body is,
And mixt of ever-fighting contraries,
But one pure substance, like it self, and may
(By Reasons rules) subsist alone for aye
And though we yeeld, that God, who did create,
Can, if he please, again annihilate
The soul; and nothing in that sense can be
Indissoluble, save the Deitie,
Yet souls, which in their nature did agree
So near with that, shall ne'r dissolved be,
Till they at last their wished end attain,
And so immortal by themselves remain.
True grounds (quoth he) divine Philosopher;
Else what were vertue, or true knowledge here
But waking dreams? Why more then beasts should we
Oblige our selves to laws of piety,
Or curb our lusts? Oh why should vertue be
Judg'd, by the the wisest, true felicity,

Before

Before wealth, honour, pleasure? Virtue here
Does not (alas,) so bountiful appear,
But poor, and wretched rather: nor is she
Unless, which in this life we do not see,
Some fairer substance or true form she have)
Ought but an empty name, or Fortunes slave.
The wisest men are glad to dye; no fear
Of death, can touch a true Philosopher;
Death sets the soule at liberty, to flye,
And search the depth of that Divinity;
Which whilest imprison'd in the bodie here,
She cannot learn: a true Philosopher
Makes death his common practise, whilst he lives,
And every day by contemplation strives
To separate the soule, far as he can,
From off the body: what's the death of man
But separation of those two? Should he
That every day did strive in some degree
To gain this freedome, fear it at the time
When nature has alotted it to him?
Would birds incag'd, that with all motions trie
And seek all waies to gain their liberty,
The cage set ope refuse to flie from thence?
Nay more, have lovers in impatience
Forc'd out their lives, and violently fled
Into the other world to find their dead
Dear loves? And should the soul, which here below
Clos'd in the body, every day did woo,
And court that knowledge, which is perfect bliss,
Refuse to go, and find it where it is,
Then when the gods have open'd her the way?
But here till then, the soul is bound to stay;
Nor must she leave her station, till that God
Do call her hence, that gave her this abode.

Here *Cato* stopt, and paus'd; his death (quoth he)
Unlawful then till rude necessity

Inforce a man to taste it? And must I
Wear this loath'd life, till *Cæsar* bid me die?
Is not the fatall overthrow so late
In Thapsus fields, and ruin of the State,
Necessity of death enough for me?
May I not think the gods in that decree
The death of *Cato*? But must hold my hand
Expecting till the Conquerour command?
And give more pow'r to him, whose lawlesse might
Already has usurp'd above his right?
O beggo for life, acknowledging him so
My Lord, whom justly I adjudg'd Romes foe?
So save my life by sinning, or else dye
With one sin more, if mercy be deny?
But this sure hand shall save that hazard now.
Plato and all divinest Lawes allow,
Rather then act a crime, a man should dye.
Should I take life from *Cæsar*'s clemency,
It would be judg'd by all (what e're were meant)
I did approve of *Cæsar*'s government,
How great a crime might mine example prove?
How great a wrong to Rome, and all that love
Her Lawes and Liberties? Great *Pompey*'s sons
That now do arm the Western regions,
And for their Country yet intend to fight,
Might think themselves excus'd if I submit,
And from their justest resolution swerve,
When old free *Cato* were content to serve.
I'll try (since most assur'd the soules do live)
What lawes to us the other world will give:
For sure the gods, 'mongst soules departed hence,
'Twixt good and bad will put a difference.
Those happy Soules, that while they lived here,
By pure and perfect contemplation were
Abstracted from the body, that with true
Desires did oft the heavenly beauties view,

Shall

ull thither go, when they from hence are fled
y have their joys and knowledge perfected.
ithin the heavens shall they for ever be
ose here with Heaven they made affinity.
t those dark Soules, which drowned in the flesh
d never dream of future happiness,
hat, while they lived here, believ'd, or lov'd
othing but what the bodies taste approv'd,
hen they depart from hence, shall fear the sight
f Heaven, nor dare t' approch that glorious light;
ut wander still in dismal darknes, neer
heir bodies, whom alone they loved here.
Those sad, and ghastly visions, which to sight
Of frighted people doe appear by night
bout the Tombs and graves, where dead men lie,
re such dark Soules condemn'd t' accompany,
Their bodies there; which Souls because they be
Gross and corporeal, men do therefore see.

How different shall the Soules condition be,
If this (quoth he) be true Philosophy,
As true it is, nor do I think it less,
If vertue be the way to happiness;
And that be vertue, which we men have thought,
What inbred reason to our Soules has taught
And laws commanded us; if such thou be
Oh vertu, *Cato* still has followed thee,
And never from thy hardest precepts swerv'd;
Ne're has this Soule the bodies pleasure serv'd.
What doubts can shake my long security,
But doubts, where frailty is, will ever be:
Farewel frail world; what here we cannot see
I go to find, clear truth and certaintie:
Then with a fatal stroke he pierc'd his breast:
At noise of which his servants vainly prest
In, to prevent the Fate; nor could they lend
Help to his life, but trouble to his end;

Who sadly shew'd, death could not be deny'd,
And rending wider his large wound, he dy'd;
The Citizens with honours did interre
That spotlesse mansion of a Soule so clear.
Cæsar from Thapsus now secur'd from foes
By that ful conquest, to Uzzita goes,
With ease possessing there all *Scipio*'s store
Of corn and arms, and where the Sword before
Threaten'd his march, where horrid dangers lay
And ambushes, he now findes quiet way
To Adrumetum back; where he bestows
A cheerful pardon on his yeelding foes,
Since now all Affrick from his tears was free,
And Fortune had secur'd his clemencie.
Marching away to Utica from thence
Humbly receiv'd by all the Citizens,
Who when solemniz'd *Cato*'s funerall;
He sigh'd, and thus complain'd; Why did'st thou fall
Oh envious man? Rather than not deprive
Cæsar of honour, *Cato* could not live.
How sadly cruel hast thou been to me
A gainst thy self to wrong my clemencie?
And shew thy death a greater enemie,
Than all thy living power or arms, could be?
To kill my joys thou dy'st, choosing to be
Lamented rather then imbrac'd by me,
It is my sorrow not my love is sought,
What strange rewards have all my mercies got;
That greatest Romans rather chuse to flie
To death it self, then to my clemencie?
So hapless *Pompey*, while he fled from me,
Durst rather trust th' Ægyptian treacherie,
And there to perish by ignoble hands
Than live with *Cæsar*, thinking barbarous lands
Better then Rome with us: but he again
Hop'd to repaire his strength; thou in disdain

Of

Cæsar dy'ſt; but yet my goodneſſe ſhall
Ore-come thy envy, and quite fruſtrate all
Thy ſcope in death; I'll give all dues to thee;
My ſon in honour ſhall remain with me,
And to the world ſhall witneſſe thou didſt die
By thine own envy, not my cruelty.
Then to his grace he takes th' inhabitants
Of Utica, and for his armies wants
Commands proviſion, and, while there he ſtaies,
The Cities wals, and fortreſſes ſurveys.
Walking not far from off the Town, he ſaw
Upon the ſandy bank of Bagrada,
Which ſlowly there his muddy waves doth move,
(Within that Countrey rare) a ſtately grove
Not wide in circuit, where an awfull ſhade
The meeting boughs, exiling *Phœbus*, made:
That ſhady grove, whilſt with a curious eie
Cæsar ſurvey'd, he chanced to eſpy
Within a deep and vaſt deſcent of ground,
The jaws of *Tanarus*, that balefull bound
Twixt earth and hell, is not a blacker room;
To which, they ſay, the ghoſts infernall come.
A cave there was, in which no cheering light
At all e'r peep'd; but ſad and dreary night;
A ſquallid filth, and mouldineſſe had made,
From whence exhaled ſtinches did invade
The upper air; Whilſt *Cæsar* in amaze,
Doth neerly view the horrour of the place,
His longing thoughts a Libyan ſtanding by
(Taught by tradition) thus doth ſatisfie.
This den, Oh *Cæsar*, which for many a year
Hath empty ſtood, and freed the land from fear,
A monſtrous Serpent, by Heavens vengeance bred
The plague of Affrick, once inhabited.
The earth a greater Monſter never bare;
Nor *Hydra* might with this dire ſnake compare,

Nor

Nor that great Dragon whose ſtill waking eies
Medea charm'd, when Colcho's golden prize
The venturous *Jaſon* bore to Theſſaly,
Nor that, as great and watchfull too as he,
Whom great *Alcides* conquer'd to poſſeſſe
The glittering Orchard of th' *Heſperides*;
Nor, though the Sun that mighty *Pithon* ſlew,
Did e'r the Sun a greater Serpent view.
The ſeveral Snakes, that out of Libya's ſlime
Are bred, might all have been combin'd in him,
Nor could *Meduſa's* head, had all the blood
At one place fall'n, produce a greater brood.
A hundred els in length was his extent;
When he upon this ſide the river went,
With his long neck ſtretch'd out, what e'r he ſpi'd,
With eaſe he ſeazed from the other ſide.
With Lions here he fill'd his hungry maw,
That came to drink the ſtreams of Bagrada,
And fierceſt Tigers all beſmear'd with blood
Of cattell ſlain, became themſelves his food.
When firſt the Roman armies ſailing o'r,
And threatning Carthage on the Libyan ſhore
Were led by *Regulus*, whoſe tragick fall
Sadly renown'd the Spartan Generall,
Here then this hideous monſter did remain:
The army marching on yon ſpatious plain,
Three Roman ſouldiers, by ill fate drew neer
To quench their fiery thirſt, the river here,
And tempted by theſe ſhady trees, to ſhun
Awhile the ſcorching fury of the ſun,
Entring the wood, down to the ſtream they ſtoop,
And take in helmets the cool liquor up;
When ſuddenly ſurpriz'd with chilling feare,
A horrid hiſſing through the aire they hear,
And from the den the Serpents head appears,
At once amazing both their eies and eares.

What

What should they do? For help to call;
The Serpents hissing loud had filled all
The wood; nor strength nor hearts had they to fight,
Nor scarce did any hope appear by flight.
Nor could their trembling hands the helmets hold;
When strait the Serpent from his scaly fold
Shot forth and seized one, who calling on
His fellowes names in vain, was swallow'd down
And buried in the Monsters hungry maw,
His horrid destiny when th' other saw,
They leap'd into the stream to save their lives:
But that (alas!) to them no safety gives:
For forth his long twin'd neck the Serpent stretch'd,
And swimming *Havens* in the river reach'd;
Who, though too late he strived to be drown'd
In Bagrada, a Fate more cruell found.
Marus at last, while *Havens* death did stay
The Monsters speed, had time to scape away;
And to th' amazed Generall relates
The Serpents greatnesse, and his fellowes fates,
But ere his faultring tongue had fully told
The Tragick story, they from far behold
The scaly Monster rowling on the sands
In spatious windings: *Regulus* commands
The army straight their piles and spears prepare
To charge and march against it as a war,
And ready all their battering engines make,
That strongest walls and bulwarks us'd to shake:
The Trumpets then as to a battell sound;
Which noise the serpent hearing, from the ground
Where he in spatious rings enfolded lay,
Aloft his head advances to survay
The Champion round, and to their eies appears,
Long as that Dragon 'twixt the heavenly Bears.
Fire from his threatning eies, like lightning, shot,
And Stygian blasts exhal'd from his dire throat;

While

While he advanc'd, you would suppose from far,
A moving Castle made offensive war:
And shooting forth he in a moment flew
Upon far distant faces; at whose view
The starting horses could no more be held
By bits, but snorting flew about the field;
Whil'st this dire serpent sad massacres makes
Among the men, some 'twixt his jawes he takes,
And crushes there, some into aire he flings,
Who falling dye: and while his spatious rings
He does unfold with fury, sweeping round
The sands, he bears whole cohorts to the ground.
The army now gave ground, and 'gan retire,
When noble *Regulus* inflam'd with ire
To see that shame, cries out, Oh stand the field;
To Libyan Monsters shall Romes vertue yield?
If so, I singly will the combat try,
And expiating Romes dishonour dye.
Then all alone, devoid of feare he goes,
And his strong pile against the serpent throws
With well tane aime, whom not in vain he struck;
In his tough forehead the steel'd jav'ling stuck.
The hideous Monster, whose long age before
Had ne'r felt steel, sent out a yelling roar,
And shooting forth, impatient of the wound,
With his long tail he lash'd the suffering ground.
A shout the souldiers raise, incourag'd now,
And altogether storms of javelins throw;
Some harmlesse lighting on his scaled back,
Such noise, as haile on tiled houses make;
Some pierce his breast, and softer belly wound;
Those parts alone they penetrable found.
Black gore from thence distains the swarthy sands;
At last two javelins sent from lucky hands
In both his fiery threatning eies did light,
Depriving him, though not of strength, of sight:

Whose

Whose yet blind rage drawes many a ruine on,
Intill at last a huge and massie stone,
Shot from a bulwark-battering engine, stroke
His bowed back with such great force, it broke
That many-jointed bone, nor then could he
Lift, as before, his speckled creſt on high;
But while he strugling lay upon the plain,
Another stone dash'd out his poisonous braine;
The sands discolour'd with black filth appeare,
And that so lately teared Serpent there,
Stretch'd out at length his balefull life expires;
His vast extent the Generall admires:
But straight a groan the mourning river gave,
A dolefull noise the wood, and hollow cave
Resounded forth; the Naiades, that kept
Slow Bagrada, for their dead servant wept;
Nor did the Augurs then forbear to shew,
The Roman troops his death should dearly rew,
And *Regulus* become a captive prey
To his insulting foes; on whom (said they)
The Nymphs, and wrathfull Naiades would take,
That dire revenge for their slain Serpents sake.
Cæsar enough delighted to behold
The Cave, and pleas'd with what the Libyan told,
Returns to Utica; thence marching on
With speed through *Juba*'s lost dominion,
Arrives at wealthy Zamah, Libya's pride,
Where late a powerfull Monarch did reside;
And hearing there of *Juba*'s wretched fate,
Laments the frailty of mans highest state:
Then he commends the Citizens, and o'r
The Country leaves *Salustius* Governour,
Which from a Kingdomes state is now become,
A subject province to Imperiall Rome.
Then marches back to Utica againe,
And launching forth his fleet into the main,

Sailing

Sailing by Sardos, on th' Italian coast,
He safe arrives with his victorious host.

Annotations upon the fourth Book.

Lucius Scipio, *Generall at Thapsus, perished at Sea by the report of all that write that story, but the manner of his death, as I have here related it, is to be found only in Appian, which I have read, that he first wounded himselfe with a Sword, and afterwards leaped into the Sea, as loth that his dead body should either suffer despight, or receive favour from his enemies.* Appi. lib. 2. de bello civili.

THE

The fifth Book.

The Argument of the fifth Book.

What unaccuſtom'd honours by decree
The Senate give to Cæſar's *victory.*
His four rich triumphs ſhew'd o'r Gallia,
Conquer'd Pharnaces, Ægypt, Affrica.
Whoſe pompous ſhows diſplay the captiv'd fate
Of ſeverall Princes: Cæſars *high eſtate*
To throw intoubt hazard once again,
Great Pompey's *ſons revive the war in Spain.*

WHen *Cæſars* conqueſt born by winged fame,
Had enter'd Rome, & to the Senate came,
Th' affrighted Fathers in pale haſt declar'd
Their forced joy; and while the Prieſts prepar'd
For Sacrifice, officiouſly decreed,
(Though Rome it ſelfe in that daies fate did bleed)
That ſupplications to the gods ſhould be
Twice twenty daies for *Cæſar's* victory;
Through all the Roman Temples they invoke
The gods for him, and all their Altars ſmoak
With thankfull incenſe, more then when the faH
Of Carthages ſo feared *Hannibal*,
Or that deteſt of all the Cymbrian powers
By *Marius* hand, that ſav'd Quirinus Towers,
Firſt pierc'd their joyfull eares; no vanquiſh'd foe
Ere caus'd ſuch ſeeming joy. Rome's forced now

To

To thank the gods for her subjection more,
Than all the greatnesse she had won before.
To that great triumph, which so long before,
His ten years labour had deserv'd, o'r
The conquer'd Gaules, and well defer'd till now,
The forward Senate grant three triumphs moe,
T' expresse more pompous state than e'r before
The people saw, or lawrell'd Roman bore;
That all the severall vanquish'd nations
From East to West, from both the Poles at once,
By his triumphant Charriots might combine,
The yellow Germans with black Libyans joine,
Gauls with Armenians meet, the Sun-burn'd bands
Of Meroë with cold Pannonians,
The painted Britains, curl'd Scambrians,
With cole-black Mibians, and Mazacians.
Those that at farthest distance never yet
Each other view'd, at *Cæsar's* triumph met,
Might there acquainted in sad bondage grow,
And waile in chains their common overthrow:
That the Imperiall Tyber might at once
All floods, that blesse so many regions,
In *Cæsar's* rich Triumphall tablets see
Displai'd, bewailing their captivity.
And bridled there by his proud conquest, join
Seven-channell'd Nilus with the German Rhine,
The swift Danubius with slow Bagrada;
And all those winding streams, which every way
From North to South into the Ocean roule
'Twixt farthest Thule, and Tritonia's poole;
From whence *Minerva* dain'd her name to take,
When first within the quiet Chrystall lake
Come down from Heaven, she view'd her virgin face,
Nor ever so did any triumph grace
Romes power (as this had done;) nor yet in all
Those former Baies which deckt the Capitoll,

If

If there her selfe no part at all had been
Of the subdu'd, had she more glory seen.
But least these honours should not seem to be
Enough for *Cæsar* by a new decree
The Senatours, before he enter room,
Make him Dictatour for ten years to come,
And three years Censor; that it might be shown
How *Cæsar's* conquering power had o'rthrown
Their Liberties, together with the fall
Of barbarous Nations: In the Capitoll
He in a Chariot was advanc'd to sit,
To *Jove* himselfe directly opposite:
A Globe terrestriall not far from thence,
Display'd in short the vast circumference
Of all the earth; on which his statue trod,
With this inscription, *He's a demy-god.*
Swell'd with the Senates flattering decrees,
And fortune of so many victories,
Does *Cæsar* now in pomp triumphant come,
His lofty Charriot through the streets of Rome
By snow-white horses drawn, more bright by far
Than those fam'd Steeds, which in the Trojan war
From slaughter'd *Rhesus* tent *Tydides* took,
Before they drunk of Xanthus Christall brook,
Or cropt the Trojan pastures, a vain aid
To falling Ilion, the first night betrai'd.
Declare, ye sisters of the Thespian spring,
(For you remember well, and well can sing)
In those four triumphs, which the people saw,
O'r Ægypt, Pontus, France, and Libya,
How many captiv'd people sadly went
In habits, tongues, and visage different,
Before Great *Cæsar's* Charriot, shewing there
With different gestures their disdain, or feare.
How many lands, and stately Cities there,
Displai'd in his triumphal tables were,

Where skiful hands had woven to delight
So many nations, several kinds of fight,
With his proud conquests, and successful toil;
By which were born the arms, and wealthy spoiles
Of vanquish'd Princes, Crowns of brutish'd gold
For all the wondring people to behold.
But if ye Mules in so high a State,
Disdain to mourn for each Plebeian Fate;
Yet pass not sleightly by that Princely Gaul,
Stout *Vercingetorix*, for whose great fall
Some hearts relented there; whose stubborn thought,
Could not at all in nine years war be taught
To brook with patience the proud yoke of Rome;
Who now reserv'd for death by *Cæsar's* doom;
Before the Chariot a chain'd Captive went,
Striving in vain t' orecome the discontent
Of that daies shame; and though his hands were ty'd,
Shaking his black curl'd locks, he fought to hide
His angry front, whil'st his undaunted look
Seem'd more to wish, then fear deaths fatal stroke.
Another object, though unlike to this,
Yet tall'n alike from height of worldly bliss,
Mov'd the beholders hearts they earn'd to see,
The tender beauties of *Arsinoë*,
A virgin(*a*) branch of *Lagus* royal Stem,
That once had worn th' Ægyptian Diadem,
By fortune thrown into so low a state
Of bondage now; pitying her changed fate:
Those snow-white arms that did a Scepter hold,
(Oh, mock of Fortune) manacl'd in gold:
Although for her a gentler doom than death
Remain, and *Cæsar's* pitty spare her breath,
Or else his ends in love reflore her back
Again to Ægypt for her sisters sake.
How much (alas,) had there her blood been spilt,
Had fortune ta'n from *Cleopatra's* guilt?

For

For all the favour, which t' *Arſinoë*
Rome ſhow'd, repriv'd her but a while, to be
In after-times her ſiſters crime, and dye
By *Cleopatra*'s foul impiety.
But that in Libya's triumph, which above
All other Objects might deſerve to move
A juſt compaſſion (if true innocence
In miſery may juſtly move the ſenſe)
Was Young Prince *Iuba*, led in chaines, the ſon
Of that great *Iuba* whole dominion
From Mauritania's fartheſt Weſtern end,
To Thera's lands ſo lately did extend:
Whoſe puiſſant hand a prouder Scepter bore,
Then ever Libyan Monarch did before.
This poor (*Iuba* young Prince by fortune ſeem'd to be
Brought as a ſpectacle of miſery,
Depriv'd ſo lately of ſo many lands,
And ere, his years could act a crime, in bands.
But Oh (how blind are mortal eys?) that day
Of ſeeming woe firſt made the glorious way
To *Iuba*'s future happineſſe; and he
Was far more bleſt in that captivity,
Then if his fathers greatneſs ſtill had ſtood,
Train'd up at Rome he gain'd a truer good;
And freed from barbariſme, was taught to know
What Rome, or learned Athens could beſtow;
Adorning ſo his mind, as wiſeſt men
In every age admir'd his happy pen.
So that to grace his future proſperous raign,
(For great *Auguſtus* hand reſtor'd again
This captive *Iuba* to a kingly Throne)
A laſting name his hiſtories have won,
And fame unto his native Libya give;
Where with himſelf thoſe mention'd Kings ſhall live,
When brazen Monuments are eat with ruſt,
And Marble Columns time ſhall bruiſe to duſt,

And had the Pontick King *(c)Pharnaces* been
In person there, and by the people seen,
That object well had ballanc'd with delight,
The others ruth; but he was scap'd by flight,
Whose absence one proud sentence must supply,
I came, and saw, and vanquish'd th' enemy.
But those sad stories, which the table show,
More then the living spectacles could do,
Affect the peoples hearts; for there (although
No vanquish'd Roman might a captive go)
The bleeding wounds of Rome it selfe are spread;
And each man there his own dear lots may read.
For mixt with forreign conquests, with the falls
Of barbarous Captains, Princes of the Gauls,
With dying *Iuba*, drowned *Ptolomy*
Those envious Tables to the eyes display
Domestick lots; and in sad figures tell,
By *Cæsar's* sword what vanquish'd Romans fell.
Here with King *Iuba* old *Petreius* dies,
Here slaughter'd *Sylla*, there *Afranius* lies:
There *Damasippus* and *Torquatus* fall;
And here (O woful sight!) Romes General,
The noble *Scipio* by his own hand slain
Falls bleeding down into the watry main;
And sinking leaves a noble crimson dye
On *Neptunes* face: but what true Roman eye
Retrain'd from teares, when he beheld the fall
Of matchless *Cato*, who in spight of all
His friends prevention, dy'd, and wider tore
With his own hands the wounds he made before;
Yet 'mongst so many woful stories shown,
One noble name was spar'd, one fate alone
Was thought too sad; nor to the peoples eye
Durst they present Great *Pompey's* tragedy,
For fear so great a sorrow might out weigh
The pompous joyes of that triumphant day:

But

But that conceal'd, which most of all was sought,
Remain'd more deeply fixt in every thought,
And they, without a picture can supply
Each part of his lamented history.
What tongue, what pen can at the height relate
Each sumptuous part of that so envi'd State?
The publick feasts, rare spectacles devis'd
And games by all the people exercis'd;
Who without number flock'd to do him grace:
When all the Senate from the Julian place
Waited him home, and seem'd not then to be
The worlds nigh Lords, but *Cæsar's* family.
And as they pass, to guild their pompous way,
Number less lights the Elephants display
Upon their captive backs, and moving through
The streets, like heavenly Constellations show,
Like those great beasts, which in th' Horizon plac'd
Through every part with glorious stars are grac'd.
Nor in vain shows was this magnificence
Alone consum'd, but real Monuments,
Which his great power to after-ages prais'd,
A stately Temple he to (*d*) *Venus* rais'd,
Or in devotion, or in pride to grace
That Deity from whom he drew his race,
That now the Paphian Queen by *Cæsar's* reign,
Might seem a truer conquest to obtain
Ore blew-ey'd *Pallas*, and the wife of *Iove*,
Than when they for the golden Apple strove,
And *Paris* fatal judgement did bestow
The prize on her to Illums overthrow.
For Rome and all the conquer'd world far more,
Are forced now to honour and adore
Her name than theirs, so much it was to be
Th' original of *Cæsar's* pedegree,
More than the daughter, or the wife of *Iove*:
The Temples structure in rare beauty strove,

With what the height of fancy could expresse,
Or any pens most gracefull happinesse
Describe aright: upon the Walls did stand
In Parean marble wrought with curious hand,
That amorous story where the Phrygian boy
The beauty of a goddesse did enjoy:
The vale of Ida there was shadow'd such,
As Poets made it. Ida vale so much
Indebted to the Muses, seemed now
Unto a Painters hand as much to owe:
The bower of love was richly carved there
That happy bower and blisse and pleasure, where
Venus descended from the Christall skie,
To generate the Julian family;
Was as a Bride in all her glories led,
To fill with beauty young *Anchises* bed.
Neer them their noble issue, in whose blood
A goddesse mixt with man, *Æneas* stood;
Such was his shape, so shone his cheerfull face
As young *Apollo's*, when he goes to grace
His native *Delos*, and in height of state
That Festivall intends to celebrate;
Or *Bacchus*, when from conquer'd India,
The yoked Tygers his proud Chariot draw,
Trojan *Æneas* whose fam'd history,
Great *Maro's* Muse did after raise as high,
As th' old *Mæonian* did *Achilles* fame;
But that most pious posture more became
Æneas far, when at the fatall sack
Of Troy, he stoop'd, and on a willing back
Flying from thence, carri'd his aged Sire
From the Greeks Swords, and all-devouring fire,
Together with his gods, whom he priz'd more
Than *Priam's* wealth, and all Troys burning store.
Behind was young *Julus*, and did seem
With short unequall steps to follow him,

That

That Prince from whom the Julian family
Deriv'd their name, as well as pedigree,
Who the foundations of long Alba laid,
And o'r that land a powerfull Scepter ſwai'd,
By him the Scepter'd iſſues of his blood,
In their ſucceſſive order carved ſtood;
Till Alba was deſtroy'd by *Tullus* doom,
And all her people were transferr'd to Rome;
From Alba's ſack the pedigree went on,
And was deduced lineally down
To *Cæſars* time; in whoſe ſucceſſe and reign
Alba had ſeem'd to conquer Rome again.
But into th' hazard once again to throw
A ſtate ſo ſtrong, ſo ſure as *Cæſar's* now,
Seem'd to the world to be, a furious (*e*) war
More full of threats, of doubt and danger far
Than ever had as yet oppos'd his reign,
The two young *Pompeys* raiſe in fartheſt Spain,
There where the great *Alcides* pillars ſtand,
And proudly boaſt to bound the fartheſt land.
That part of Spain muſt prove the third ſad ſtage
Of Civil war, and Romes ſelfe-wounding rage.
Thoſe, that inhabit that far Weſtern ſhore,
Vainly ſuppoſe that they alone, before
The ſetting Sun forſake this hemiſphere,
Do view his face at neerer diſtance there
Than other men, than other countries can;
And that he fals into their Ocean,
As Poets taught; or elſe his lofty Sphere
Bowes down more near the Globe terreſtriall there,
Becauſe his beauteous Orb, before the ſet,
Unto their eies appear more large and great.
Thoſe miſty fogs and vapours that ariſe
From that great Sea, which interpoſed lies,
Breaking diffuſe the raies, from th' eies that went,
Or elſe enlarge the objects figure ſent,

And make the setting Sun seem greater so,
As bright things largest in the water show:
Whence they scarce any twilight have at all,
Either at *Phœbus* rising, or his fall;
Day breaks together with the rising Sun,
And day together with the set is done.
All Spain, in figure of a bullocks hide,
Is by the Ocean wash'd on every side,
And made almost an Isle, save where her ground
The Pyrenæan hils from France do bound:
From whose East end (for old description makes
Five sides of Spain) the first beginning takes,
And West-ward thence unto the Gades extends,
But by the way to South obliquely bends;
And is inviron'd by the mid-land seas,
Where stand those Ilands Balearides,
From whence *Metellus* took his famous stile,
Fair Ebulus, and that small snaky Isle.
The second side from Gades, (of small extent)
Is to the sacred promontory bent;
In which short space, two rivers, of no small
Account in Spain, into the Ocean fall,
Bætis and Anas; far their channels spread,
And from the silver mountains both take head:
Both their great channels do at last divide,
And make two Ilands by the Oceans side:
From thence the third side in a line extends,
And at the Nerian promontory ends,
From South directly North it goes; this bound
Of Spain doth Westward know no further ground:
That all along the boundless Ocean laves,
Thither the golden Tagus roules his waves,
Winding through Lusitania, and into
That Ocean doth in one great channell flow:
From thence the Northern side of Spain extends,
And at the Pyrenæan mountains ends,

Bounded

Bounded along by the Cantabrian Sea;
Within thoſe ſhores the wildeſt Nations be
The barbarous Celtæ, rough Aſturians,
And (thoſe that name the Sea) Cantabrians:
But laſt of all, the fifth and North-eaſt ſide
The Pyrenæi make, which do divide
Gallia from Spain, which by their wondrous height
Might ſeem to threat the skies, and once more fright
The gods with a Gigantick war: that ſide
Of thoſe high mountains, which ſurveys the pride
Of wealthy France, doth bare and barren ſhow,
Cloth'd with no graſſe, no trees at all there grow:
The other ſide, which barren Spain o'r-ſees,
Shews like a fruitfull Summer, cloth'd with trees,
Which never do their verdant colour loſe:
And ſo to both th' adjacent Countries ſhowes,
As if to cloth himſelfe, he had robb'd Spain,
And loſt his own, to make France rich again.
That loſty Mountain (if we truſt to fame)
Did from the fair *Pyrene* take his name,
When great *Alcides* moved by the fame
Of King *Geryon*'s ſtately cattell, came
From Greece, to fetch that wealthy ſpoil away,
Entring the bounds of Spain, he there made ſtay.
King *Bebrix* then o'r all thoſe mountains reign'd,
And there with feaſts *Alcides* entertain'd:
The conquering gueſt by fate unhappy, ſpi'd
Pyrene daughter to the King; and fri'd
With inward flames; at laſt, while there he ſtai'd,
His charming words had won the roiall maid,
He vows his love ſtill conſtant ſhall remain,
And when with conqueſts he returns again,
Eſpouſall Rites: but cruel Fates deny,
And make *Alcides* ſlow in victory,
Too ſlow, alas, nor could the fight be try'd
Ere faire *Pyrene* miſerably dy'd.

Her

Her swelling womb now 'gan the fact reveal,
Nor could she longer her stoln love conceale:
When fearing her stern fathers wrathfull spight,
Into the woods she takes a secret flight:
There all alone to caves and senslesse trees
Shee wailes her fate, and cals great *Hercules*,
Or false or slow; till some fell beasts that were
More savage than their kind, had seized her,
And whilest in vain, alas, she did implore
Her absent lover, her to pieces tore.
Seven times had *Cynthia* fill'd her wained light,
When he return'd with conquest from the fight;
And laden with *Geryons* wealthy spoils,
The recompence of his successefull toils,
Sought for *Pyrene*, but inforc'd to find
What oft before his sad misgiving mind
Made him suspect, distraught with griefe and woes
Among the woods, and craggy hils he goes
In search of her, and with a mournfull sound,
Calls his *Pyrene*; all the hils rebound
Pyrene's name; the hils themselves did shake,
The savage beasts, and mountain-robbers quake,
No Tygers prey'd, nor Lions durst to move,
Whilst great *Alcides* sought his wretched Love.
But wandring through the solitary wood,
When he had found her limbs, and understood
Pyrene's wretched Fate, Oh Love, (quoth he)
'Twas my accursed absence murther'd thee:
What savage beasts durst this? What power above
Suffer'd so much against *Alcides* love?
Oh would *Geryons* spoils had all been lost,
And I ne'r stirr'd from this beloved coast:
Then gathering up those sad dear reliques, there
Within the mountains side he did interre
His Love and sorrow. This small Tombe (alas)
When times strong hand (quoth he) shall quite deface,
Thy

Thy ſtate ſhall greater be, and time to come,
Shall reckon all thoſe hils *Pyrene's* Tomb:
The Fates conſented, and by laſting fame
Thoſe mountains ever bore *Pyrenes* name.
The two young *Pompey's* with their powers, not far
From Gades now marching, meant to ſeat the war
In that rich Country, where faire Bætis flowes,
And on the region his own name beſtowes,
(Though Turdetania, from the men that came
To plant it firſt, be yet another name.)
There they the tatall Munda do poſſeſſe,
A Town yet famous for their dire ſucceſs,
With other Towns not far, Ategua,
And Ucubis, and ſtately Corduba
That old Patritian Colony, whoſe name
The births of great and learned Romans fame:
The Turdetanian region may for rare
And wondrous gifts of nature well compare,
With any piece of earth; no other ſoil
Does more reward the induſtrious plough-mans toil
With rich increaſe; no other paſtures keep
Moe horned herds, moe wealthy-fleeced ſheep;
Thoſe many branches, which from Bætis flow,
Such wealth on all the neighbouring fields beſtow;
Whoſe yellow banks no leſſe then Tagus is,
Are ſtor'd with metals of the higheſt price
In every place; more gold no barren ground
Affords, then in that wealthy glebe is found:
Which nature ſeldome does together give;
And happy might the Turdetanians live,
But that their Country too too happy is,
And on their conqueſt ſets too high a price,
Their wealthy grounds are oft the ſeat of war,
And prey to every powerfull conquerour:
There Rome and Carthage fought, and did maintain
Their rivall forces with the wealth that Spain

Afforded

Afforded there, while fortune doubted yet
Which land to make the worlds Imperiall ſeat.
When like to Titius fruitfull liver, they
Suſtain'd thoſe birds, to whom they were a prey;
And ſuffering Spain by thoſe great factions rent,
That vulture fed which did it ſelfe torment;
Nor lies the gold of that rich region
Deep in the bowels of the earth alone,
Thence to be digg'd up with a toile as great
As is the value; there they need not ſweat
In gathering wealth, nor need they far to flie
From day, or threaten Pluto's Monarchy
With their deep labours; the rich metal's found
Upon the gliſtering ſurface of the ground,
And lies on rivers banks, commixt with ſand,
Or elſe with duſt upon the drier land,
And mountains tops: what reaſon can be found
Should ſo enrich the upper part of ground
Unleſſe you truſt a tale? When *Phaëton*
Did erſt miſguide the Charriot of the Sun,
And ſcorch'd the earth; the nature then of all
Theſe grounds Sulphureous was, and Minerall;
The metals melted by the Sun, fry'd up,
And ſo with eaſe are gather'd at the top.
To *Pompey's* army, while they there remain,
The ſeverall Nations from all parts of Spain
(Beſides thoſe ſcattered troops from Thapſus fled,
Which *Labienus* there and *Varus* led)
Adjoin themſelves; the fierce Cantabrians,
That think it baſe to yield to Natures hands
Their lives, as if beſtow'd for war alone;
Gallecians skill'd in Divination;
The Callaicians too, whoſe men intend
Nothing but war, and ſtill in rapine ſpend
Their vent'rous lives, uſing the womens hands
To all workes elſe, to ſow and plough the lands:

From

From old Herda, that ſo lately try'd
Romes Civill wars, comes aid to *Pompey*'s ſide:
From Minius bankes come bold Aſturians,
From golden Tagus Luſitanians;
Fierce Ceretans, *Alcides* Souldiers,
The light arm'd Vaſcon, that no helmet wears:
And Concani, that in their drink expreſſe
Themſelves deriv'd from wild Maſſagetes,
Their greateſt thirſt with horſes blood they ſlake.
The Celtiberians, that mixt birth did take
From Gauls and Spaniards; who do ever burn
Their friends dead bodies, and extreamly mourn
(Accounting it the worſt unhappineſſe)
If Wolves or Vultures their dead limbs ſhould ſeize.
From Suero's banks come Hedetan ſupplies,
And from the lofty towers of Stabis:
The Vettones, the Oretanians too,
And th' enſignes of Parnaſſian Caſtulo,
With all the Spaniſh Nations elſe, whom love
Of old dead *Pompey* to the war did move.

Annotations upon the fifth Book.

(a) *This* Arſinoë, *which had in the tumult of Ægypt been ſaluted Queen by the Souldiers (as was before declared) and afterwards by* Cæſar *apprehended, and here led in triumph (according to* Dion*) and releaſed at the ſuit of her ſiſter* Cleopatra, *then Queen of Ægypt, was afterwards murthered by the ſame* Cleopatra *(as* Joſephus *reports) for* Cleopatra *in the time of* Marcus Antonius *the Triumvir, did by her cruelty extinguiſh the roiall blood of the* Ptolomeys, *and impatient of any that might afterwards prove rivals to her in that government, did not only poiſon young* Ptolomey *her brother, whom* Cæſar *had made her husband, but cauſed her ſiſter* Arſinoë *to be murdered as ſhe was at her Devotion in the Temple.* Joſeph. l. 15. de antiq.

(b) *This*

(b) *This* Juba (*saith* Plutarch) *was happy in his captivity, and losse of his so great an inheritance; for at Rome he obtained happy education, and instead of a barbarous Prince, became a learned and judicious Writer; he is mentioned by divers of those ages; he wrote Commentaries of the Lybian Kings, and divers observations of his own times; he was industrious in the study of naturall Philosophy, and searching the natures of herbs and plants; he was the first that found out the vertues and malignity of the herb Euphorbium, and called it by the name of his chief Physitian: he served Augustus Cæsar in his wars against* Marcus Antonius, *and was afterwards by his bounty restored to a Crown (though not to all the Dominions of his father) and married* Cleopatra *the daughter of* M. Antonius *&* Cleopatra *Strabo* 17

(c) Pharnaces *had escaped by flight, and was slain by* Asander, *who rebelled against him, to whom he had committed the government of Bosphorus in his absence: so that his Person was not led in triumph; the conquest of* Pharnaces (*saith* Dion) *though it were not glorious by reason it was so easily obtained, yet* Cæsar *much gloried in it by reason of the speed, and that he might carry those three words in Triumph,* Veni, vidi, vici. Dion, lib. 42.

(d) Cæsar *was especially magnificent in doing honour* (*saith* Dion) *to* Venus, *whom he accounted, and desired to have it generally believed, the original of his pedigree; from her also (as* Appian *reports) he would glory that he had received beauty of body, she being the Queen of Love and Beauty.*

(e) Cæsar *after all these triumphs, and assurances of greatnesse was yet threatned by a third war in* Spain; *a war* (*saith* Dion) *not to be contemned, nay, far greater and more full of danger than all his former wars: the battell of* Munda (*saith* Florus) *for fury, slaughter, and cruelty as much exceeded* Thapsus, *as* Thapsus *did* Pharsalia, *&c.*

THE

The sixth Book.

The Argument of the sixth Booke.

Varus *by* Didius *on the stormie main*
Is vanquished: Cæsar *arrives in Spain,*
And vaises Pompey's *siege from* Ulia's *walls;*
He takes Ategua: *both generals*
Remov'd from thence, the war to Mundo bear:
Cæsar's *despaire; his mens unusual fear;*
A bloudy conquest they at last obtain.
Young Pompey, Varus, Labienus *slain.*

BUt ere the Tragick war arriv'd in Spain,
And did with bloud the continent distain,
The Ocean bore it, and was first the stage
Of this third furie, and revived rage;
There where th' extended Libyan coast doth meet,
Almost with Spains Tarteſſus, *Varus* Fleet
Guarded the straighened Sea in *Pompy's* name;
Thither or *Cæsar Didius* Navy came;
Two shores their furie at neer distance saw,
Fearing to whether land the war would draw;
But Affrick bled before; what did remain
Of Romes diffentions, Fates decreed to Spain;
That narrow point of Sea on all four sides
Great lands from lands, great Seas from Seas divides,
In breadth the Libyan continent and Spain,
In length th' Iberian and great Western main.

The

The Navies scarce their furious fight began,
When all in waves the threatning Ocean
Swell'd up; and they encounter'd from the Sea
As great a danger as the war could be.
The Southern wind from Tingitania blows;
And from the Western Ocean *Corus* rose;
Fierce *Boreas* met them forth the Spanish coast,
And now the Sea on every side was tost,
Their several waves the different winds did move,
As if that *Æolus* and *Neptune* strove
A war so sad and wicked to prevent,
Or drown both Fleets while they were innocent.
But greater was their dire desire to fight
Then was the Oceans rage, or winds despight:
To impious war through stormes as rough they go
As would the greediest venturing Merchant do
For Parma's wealthy fleeces, Spains rich ore,
Or highest gemmes from the Ærythræan shore.
But when no space almost at all divides
Both eager Fleets, the rowers take their sides,
Tugge at the oar, and (though the Ocean raves)
With armes unweary'd cut the curled waves;
The horrid showting of the Souldiers drown'd
All noise of rowing and shrill Trumpets sound,
Yet all these sounds, and all the noise of war
The winds, and louder stormes out-roared far,
With which, and Darts, the air is darkned round;
Ships against Ships, beaks meeting beaks resound;
Some by their own indeavours meet their foes
Others the wind and stormy Seas expose
Before they thought, to trial of the war,
Dashing together with more furie far
The adverse ships, than else they would have met;
Now grew the horrour and confusion great;
Their fears were different; some, while others fought,
Repair'd those ruins which the storm had wrought.

And

And stopp'd their leaking Ships, preventing so
The certain danger of a neerer foe:
Nor could stout *Didius* now his Souldiers cheer,
Or guide his Fleet; the tempest every where
Is onely heard; but leaving his commands
Puts all into the winds and fortunes hands;
No more could *Varus* for young *Pompey* do:
Guided by chance against each other go;
Th' amazed Fleets; some vessels sides bor'd through
By sharp and brazen stems; nor do they know
Surely to whom they do their ruin ow,
Whether the weathers furie or the foe.
Nor did confusion of all sounds affright
The ears alone; but through that horrid night
With shower-black clouds, & skies tempestuous brought
With no small terrour the wing'd lightning shot:
No other light to them the day could give;
No other fire in such a storm could live.
Some ships now almost taken by the foes,
The Swelling Sea with violence o'r throws,
And vindicates their honour from surprize;
Some sink, when boorded by the enemies,
Drowning the victors, and the vanquish'd see
A quick revenge of their captivitie.
Fortune did seem against both sides to fight
A while, and wreak in common her despight,
But long it held not; She at last decided
The day, and shew'd for whom she had provided
So great a labour of the troubled Main;
And *Cæsar's* forces a full conquest gain:
Though *Didius* blush it should be thought that he
Ow'd to such aids as those the victorie.
Varus perceives the Fates themselves conspire
On *Cæsar's* side, and forced to retire:
When now he saw part of his hapless powers
Orewhelm'd part seized by the conquerours,

With his poor remnant flies, and gets into
Carteias harbour; thence by land to go
To *Pompey's* Camp; *Pompey* at Ulla stay'd,
And siege in vain to that strong Citie lay'd.
Cæsar with more than his accustom'd speed
(By which his great designes did still succeed)
Hasts to the war in Spain, and gone from Rome,
In seventeen dayes was to Saguntbus come,
That true Saguntbus, whose so Tragick fall
Did once upbraid the Heavens, and envie call
Upon their justice, till the offenders fate,
And final ruin of the Punicke state
Absolv'd the gods again; with Chrystal waves
The Cities Western side fair Durias laves,
Clothing with verdant grass th' adjoyning plain,
And gently slides into the Iberian Main.
His quick arival, unexpected there,
With sudden joy did all the Souldiers cheer:
With speed as great from thence he marches on
Thorough the Celtiberian region,
Nor Durias stream nor mount Idubeda,
Nor Sucro's rapid flood his course could stay,
Nor that high glittering Mountain, that for fame
Of his great wealth reraines the silver name;
From whose descent rich Bætis takes his head;
Along the shore of Bætis *Cæsar* led
His cheerful Souldiers on to Corduba;
Either to take that wealthy Town, or draw
Pompey from Ulla's siege; the first in vain
Cæsar assay'd, the last he did obtain:
For *Pompey* straight, although within the Town
His brother *Sextus* lay in Garrison,
Abandons Ulla, and 'gainst *Cæsar* goes,
Who from the walls, of Corduba arose
Before his foes approch, loth there to trie
The utmost hazard of a war so high.

But

But passing thence ore Salsus stream, does lay
With more success, siege to Ategua,
And winnes the Town, maugre the feeble aid
Munatius brought: but there while *Cæsar* stay'd
A fair ostent the Gods were pleas'd to shew,
A towring eagle long ore *Cæsar* flew
Till seeming wearie, with a fair descent
It gently pearch'd on young *Octavius* tent,
Who follow'd then his Father to the war
A good presage the augurs all declare,
And not alone to shew the wars success,
But young *Octavius* future happiness:
But not so soone, alas, could they foresee
The full effect of this fair augurie:
How many civil wounds did yet remain
Ere Rome with patience brook a *Cæsar's* reign,
And for her safetie be inforc'd to flie
To great *Augustus* happy Monarchie;
For thee, great Prince, and thy insuing State
Was Rome oppress, and *Julius* fortunate;
For thee were *Marius* crimes and *Sylla's* wrought;
For thee was Thapsus and Pharsalia fought
That Rome in those dire Tragedies might see
What horrid dangers follow'd libertie:
And thou at last a welcome conqueror,
Might'st those high titles without envie wear,
Which mightie *Iulius* with a toil so great,
With so much bloud and envie striv'd to get;
Thou then anew that powerful State shalt mould,
And long the worlds high Scepter safely hold
Above all Rivals plac'd; thy god like State
No force shall shake; when shuting *Janus* gate,
Thou shalt set ope the sacred Thespian spring,
And there securely hear the Muses sing,
Whose stately lays still keep thy deathlesse fame,
And make immortal Great *Augustus* name:

Nor ever did the Arts so truly reign,
Nor sung the Muses in so pure a strain
As then they did, to grace thy glorious time;
As if the Muse before lack'd power to clime,
Or else disdain'd her highest notes to raise,
Till such a Monarch liv'd to give the Bayes.
Griev'd for Aregua's loss, and fearing now
That other Towns would following Fortune, go
To *Cæsar's* partie, and his cause forsake
Pompey resolves with all his strength to make
A speedie trial of a war so great,
And on one hazard his whole Fortune set.
To Munda's fatal fields was *Cæsar* gone;
Th ither young *Pompey's* armie marches on:
The Town was his; and neer the Town arose
An high and spatious hill: where *Pompey* chose
T' encampe his men; from whence he might survay
The plains below where *Cæsar's* armie lay.
No prodigies forespake the black event
Of that daies wondrous battel, no ostent
At all was show'd from seas, earth, air, or skies,
No entrails spake, no birds gave auguries:
Those sad portents, that us'd to strike a fear
At other times in men, were spared there.
Yet were their fears far greater; they suspect
The silence of the Gods, loth to detect
So great a ruin as did then ensue;
Horrour invades their brests; although they know
No cause from whence those strange amazments grow.
No outward signes appear'd, their threarnings now
Were inward all; they make by sad surmise
Within themselves a thousand prodigies.
In *Pompey's* camp th' amazed Souldiers
Sad silence kept, distraught 'twixt desp'rate fears,
And Tragick hopes; pale horrour to their eyes
Seems to present the future Tragedies,

And

And the dear ghosts of slaughter'd friends appear;
Yet know not they whether themselves should fear,
Or hope their hands should make th' ensuing Fate.
On one side *Cæsar*'s Fortune does abate
Their confidence too much; on t'other they
Resolve, overcome, not to outslive the day;
But (Oh strange fate,) the bold Cæsarians,
Grow faint and heartless; and those active hands,
That had so often drawn their Countries bloud,
And 'gainst all Laws for *Cæsar*'s fortune stood;
That had before to their succes-ful toils,
Promis'd the Worlds sole sway, and wealthy spoiles
Of every nation, quake, and faulter here,
Nor from each other can conceal their fear.
How dear this field would cost, what 't was to go
Against the furie of a desperate foe,
Their trembling thoughts revolve, nor to their friends
Shame they to utter it; those daun less minds,
That met with joy Pharsalia's dreadful day,
Those that at Thapsus battel could not stay
The Generals command; preventing there
The signal, now both fight and signal fear.
But that the fear, which did his camp invade
Might not seem strange, *Cæsar* himselfe was sad
Before the battel, and that cheerful look,
That usual vigour, whence his Souldiers took
Happie presages still, was changed there;
Nor did his wonted confidence appear;
Perhaps revolving the uncertain Fate
Of things, and fralitie of man's highest state,
And now unceasant storms do beat upon
The loftie Cedars, learns to fear his own
By others mightie falls so lately wrought;
Or fortune else presenting to his thought
Her many favours, and his long success,
He weight'd the time of *Pompey*'s happiness,

Who in her favour claim'd as great a share
As he could now, before Pharsalia's war.
That he arrived now as high in State
As *Pompey* was; might feare Great *Pompeys* fate:
Whose fall (though wrought for him) had let him see
Fortunes great power, and strange unconstancy:
But lest his sadnesse should too much dismay
The Souldiers hearts before so great a day,
He recollects himselfe, and with fain'd chear,
And forced looks, taught to dissemble feare,
Thus to his army speaks; Victorious troops,
On whose known valour more then *Cæsars* hopes,
His certain State depends, see here in Spain
This fainting *Hydra* yet shoots forth again
His last weak heads; let that Herculean might,
That lopt the first, and strongest off in fight,
Make perfect your great labour, which requires
The last hand here: of all your large desires
You are free masters, when this field is fought,
Though all the world for fresh supplies were sought,
In Fortunes power it lies not to expose
Your quiet State again, or find you foes.
But what are these that once again should dare
Molest our peace with unexpected war?
What can these barbarous half-arm'd Nations do?
Or what unfain'd affection can they ow
To *Pompeys* side? or do they fear his name,
And have not heard enough of *Cæsars* fame?
Have not the wars by old Ilerda taught
Our strength to Spain? what Roman powers are brought
Thither, but young raw Souldiers, and unskill'd
In Militarie arts, that ne'r beheld
A foe before? and those poor few that know
The war, are such as have been beat by you;
And bring more fear then help unto their side,
Will *Varus* troops your well-known strength abide?

Or

Or that so often vanquish'd runnagate
False *Labienus*, long maintein the fate
Of his young Generall? Brave souldiers on,
Perfect that work that is so neerly done.
His speech no shouts, no acclamation finds,
Nor could it raise their sad dejected minds:
And though, the signall given, all Trumpets sound,
And *Pompeys* Army from the upper ground
Make down to charge, the cold Cæsarians
Dare not approach, nor follow the commands
Of their great Generall; when *Cæsar* fill'd
With griefe and rage, seizing a Spear and Shield;
This day quoth he (no more my Souldiers)
Shall end the life of *Cæsar*, and your wars;
Remember whom you leave; then forth he flies
Alone to charge th' amazed enemies;
Who, till their wonder was expell'd by hopes,
A while made stand; at last from all the troops,
'Gainst *Cæsars* head whole storms of Javelins come;
Some in his shield he does receive, and some
Avoids, declining of his body down;
Till shame, not courage brought his souldiers on
To save their Generall; and 'gainst the foe
They do begin a fight so (*a*) furious now,
As it with this new rage they would appear
To recompence their ignominious (*b*) feare.
Th' auxiliary troops on either side
Gave backe, and left the battel to be try'd
By none but Roman hands; who man to man
And foot to foot a constant fight began
With so great horrour, as who had beheld
Pharsalia's fight, or Thapsus bloody field
Would have esteem'd those furies light, and thought
He ne'r saw war till Munda's field was fought.
Both Generals alike 'twixt hope and fear,
With needlesse speeches their fierce Souldiers cheer,

Till wearied with the toil they both retire,
And from two little hils behold the dire
Encounter of their men; when *Cæsars* eyes,
That dry, had view'd whole Nations Tragedies,
Began to melt; and whileſt bright victory,
O'r both the armies hover'd doubtfully,
Cæsar and *Pompey* had forgot their hopes,
And only pitied their engaged troops,
Fearing both armies in the place would die,
And leave no conqueſt, but one Tragedy.
A balefull ſilence on the ſudden then
Poſſeſt the field; no ſhowts of fighting men
Were heard; as if they labour'd to keep in
Their ſpirits for action; hands alone were ſeen
To move, and write in bloody Characters
Their deep reſolves: young *Pompeys* ſouldiers
Beyond this day diſdain to hope at all;
And *Cæsars* men promiſe, in *Pompeys* fall
To all their toils a rich and quiet cloſe,
And that the world no more can find them foes:
At laſt the battels fortune ſeem'd to lean
To *Pompeys* ſide, and *Cæsars* fainting men
Gave back apace, nor ſcarce with all their might
Could the Centurions ſtay their open flight:
When *Cæsar* arm'd with high deſpaire, preparing
The fatall Ponyard which he wore, and baring
His manly breaſt, thus ſpeaks; Oh Fortune, now
I ſee thou wants not power to overthrow
What e'r thou build'ſt: but I accuſe not thee;
Enough already haſt thou done for me:
Enough have thy tranſcendent favours grac'd
My lives whole courſe: ſhouldſt thou not change at laſt,
Perhaps the erring world might cenſure me
More then a man, and thee no Deity:
I that ſo long have thy high favours known,
Can thus ſecurely entertaine thy frown.

There

There had he dy'd ; but as kind mothers do
Oft let their children neer to dangers go,
That then, when they perceive them most afraid,
They may the more indear their timely aid :
So Fortune finds an unexpected way
To save his fate ; whilest yet his men made stay
And kept the field, King *Bogud* that without
The battell stood, wheels suddenly about
To seize young *Pompeys* Camp ; which to prevent,
Leaving his station, *Labienus* went,
And with him drew five cohorts from the fight :
Which action chang'd the battels fortune quite ;
Whilest hapless errour through both armies flew,
And *Pompys* battell suddenly o'rthrew ;
For misconceit that *Labienus* fled
Had quite disheartned his own side, and bred
In *Cæsars* souldiers most assured hopes :
Nor could young *Pompey* stay his flying troops,
Too late alas it was to make them know
What hapless errour caus'd their overthrow ;
For routed once o'r all the field they flye
A prey to the pursuing enemy.
Unhappy *Attius Varus*, where he stood
Environ'd round with carcasses and blood ;
Varus, that twice before a war had led
'Gainst *Cæsars* fortune, and twice vanquished :
When he had labour'd long in vain to stay
His flying men, loth to out-live the day,
Or longer keep that often conquer'd breath,
Now rushes boldly on to find a death
A mid'st the thickest of his enemies,
And gladly there on all their weapons dies.
But when (alas) sad *Labienus* view'd
How great and swift a ruine had ensu'd
Upon his hapless action, cursing Fate,
And his own dire misfortune, too too late

Seeking

Seeking to ralley his diſorder'd troops,
He cries, 'tis I that have undone the hopes
Of wretched Rome; 'tis I have loſt the day:
Through this dire breaſt take your revenging way,
And expiate this fatall overthrow,
Or *Cæſar's* ſwords ſhall take revenge for you:
Then (like a Libyan Lyon round beſet,
Arm'd with a high deſpair, and rage as great)
Careleſſe of wounds or weapons forth he goes
To ſell a loathed life dear to his foes:
Till by a thouſand ſwords at laſt he dies,
And to the ſhades his angry ſpirit flies.
Pompey perceives his army overthrown,
And now the loſſe irreparable grown,
And though he ſee no cauſe that ſhould invite
Him to out-live the fury of the fight,
His own freſh youth perſwades him t' entertain
A future hope to raiſe his ſtate again:
High mounted on a Spaniſh Steed, he flies
(Leaving in field his routed companies)
With ſpeed, Carteia's harbour to attain,
And ſail from thence, but to diſaſtrous Spain.
Stern Fates the death of this young man decree;
And he ere long the ſelfe-ſame deſtiny
Fore'd to endure on Spains unhappy ground,
That his great Father in falſe Ægypt found.
His brother (c) *Sextus* ſcap'd from that ſad day
Fortune long hides in Celtiberia
To raiſe his State again, again to breath
Freſh war and ruine after *Cæſar's* death,
And once again with faction rend the State
In that ſad time of Romes Triumvirate.
The fight was done, and nothing now enſu'd
But impious rage, and murder, the purſu'd
To *Pompeys* Camp and Munda's wals (alas)
For refuge fled, but vain that refuge was.

So

Horrid now was the Cælarians rage,
That neither pity could their heat aſſwage,
Nor ſtrength defend their wretched enemies
From their dire force, on every ſide the cries
And groans of dying men are heard alone:
Never ſo ſavage cruelty was ſhown
Againſt the worſt of forreign foes, as then
The vanquiſh'd felt from their own Countreymen:
Which moſt appear'd, when to ſurprize the Town
(A thing amongſt Barbarians never known)
The works they rais'd againſt it to maintain
The ſiege, were carcaſſes of Romanes ſlain.
Cæſar, that here before did truly ſee
How hard it was to gain a victory,
Since fortune ſtill his wiſh with eaſe had wrought,
And he for glory, not for life had fought,
Till Munda's field) recounts what he had loſt,
Grieving to find what this ſad conqueſt coſt;
He ſometimes wail'd his own ſlain Souldiers then,
Sometimes the ſlaughter'd foes, as Countrymen,
And wiſhes ſome, to whom he now might ſhow
His mercy, had ſurviv'd the overthrow;
And almoſt taxes fortune, who that day
Had wrought his ends by ſuch an envy'd way.
Never till now did *Cæſars* penſive breſt,
Truly revolve how tragicall the beſt
Succeſſe will be that Civill war affords,
And how deep wounds his ſadly conquering ſwords
Had made in th' entrails of afflicted Rome.
Now Thapſus battell, now Pharſalia come
Into his ſad remembrance; and almoſt
He wiſhes all his triumphs had been loſt,
Rather then with ſuch horrid ſlaughter won,
And that he ne'r had croſſed Rubicon:
Scarce can the glories, that it brings, out-weigh
The inward ſorrow for ſo black a day.

So While

While thus Great *Cæsars* troubled thoughts were led,
Cenonius enters and presents the head
Of Noble *Pompey*, whose now piti'd state
Call'd to remembrance his great Fathers fate,
In treacherous Ægypt; and no lesse than his
Inforced tears of ruth from *Cæsars* eies.
How did he dye (quoth he) relate to us
His tragedy: when thus *Cenonius*; troops
When Munda's fields strew'd with his slaughter'd
Young *Pompey* saw, and void of present hopes,
Fled to Carteia, to embark from thence
For forreign coasts, fearing the Citizens
And our pursuit, he left the Town again,
And quite bereft of all his scattered train,
Wounded and lame, retir'd into a wood,
That not far distant from Carteia stood,
Hoping the covert of that shady place
A while might yield him shelter from the chace.
We enter'd in, and long the wood survai'd
With curious eies, and long in vain we strai'd:
But far within, a spreading Beech there stood,
Where weari'd now, and faint through losse of blood,
Alone he sate; he that had fought so late
'Gainst thee, O *Cæsar*, with long doubtfull fate;
He whom so many Roman legions
Did lately guard, so many nations
Obey'd and serv'd, now all forsaken sate
A sad example of mans frail estate.
When I approaching bad him yield to me
In *Cæsars* name: never alive (quoth he)
Let *Cæsar* see my head, for me'r can that
Be my disgrace that was my fathers fate,
By this unhappy token let him know
The heir of *Pompey*, and perceive a foe
That might have proved worthy of his fear,
So let me go to him rather then beare

A conquerours disdaine, or blushing be
The Pitty'd subject of an enemy;
Nor shall you find, I prize, so cheap a life
(Though vanquished) as without any strife
To send it him: then with a courage high
Above his strength, above the misery
Of his forsaken state, amongst us all
He flies; or to prevent, or sell his fall
Dear as he could; alas, for victory
Fortune forbid him hope; nor did it lie
Within the power of his unwilling foes,
To save that life which he resolv'd to lose.
But meeting wounds away at last it fled.
Cæsar, with sighs, beholds the noble head,
Pitying his fall, and bids *Cæsonius* bear
It thence to find the body, and interre
Them both in such a manner, as became
Th' unhappy ruines of so great a name.
And thence, secur'd from fears, marches away
By Bætis stream, to stately Corduba,
Now the Herculian Gades, taire Hispalis,
Munda, so lately fatall, Ucubis,
Astegua, and all the other Towns
Which fence the wealthy Bætick Regions,
Breath nought but peace, nor longer so oppose
Cæsars prevailing fortune, harbour foes.
Nor do these only their subjection yield
To *Cæsar*, but the farthest, the most wild,
And savage nations, rough Asturians,
Fierce Callaicians, bold Cantabrians
From all the farthest distant shores of Spain
Do humbly sue his favour to obtain:
The love they bare to *Pompeys* name before,
Was quite o'r-borne by Fate, and could no more
Maintein a faction against *Cæsars* power;
Who now a sole unrivall'd conquerour,

From

From that subjected coasts hasts to be gone
To visite Rome, which now was his alone,
And there in fearlesse triumphs to display
The woefull glories of black Munda's day.

Annotations upon the fourth Book.

(1) *How truly the manner of this battell is here expressed, or how far it may be lawfull for one writing by the way of a Poet to digresse, I leave it to the judgement of the Reader: and that you may briefly see it without the labour of searching bookes, thus the cruell battel of Munda by two Historians of credit is described (to omit others for brevity sake.)*

Dion Cassius l. 43. *thus: At the first conflict the auxiliaries on both sides fled away, but the Romans forces encountring fiercely continued the fight long, not regarding at all what became of their officers, every man thinking that the whole victory depended upon his hand: they gave no ground, nor left their stations, but killing, or dying, made good the place: there were no clamours nor military shouts heard, nor hardly groans, only these speeches, strike, kill: Cæsar and Pompey both on horseback, from two hils beheld the battel, and knew not what they should resolve, but were equally distraught between fear & confidence. And afterwards that: so long & fiercely with equal hopes both armies fought, that unless King Bogud, who stood with his forces without the battell, had turned about to surprise the Camp of Pompey, and Labienus had left the battell to prevent him, they had all without doubt died in the battell, or might had parted them upon equall terms.*

Florus *relates it thus: Doubtfull and sad was this battel, Fortune seeming to deliberate, and not resolving what to do: Cæsar himselfe was sad before the battell contrary to his custome, either considering the frailty of mankind or suspecting the long continuance of his prosperity, or else fearing the*

the fate of Pompey, being now grown to the height of Pompey: but in the battel it self (what ever before had been known to happen) while both the armies were in their height of fury, a suddain silence, as if by consent, was throughout the field? and last of all (a thing not usual in Cæsar's army,) the old souldiers began to give ground, and that they did not absolutely flie, it seemed to bee shame, not valor that withheld them; Concerning the despair of Cæsar and this his action, Appian is my warrant, and Florus partly testifies as much.

c Sextus Pompeius did long lurk in Celtibria, till after the death of Iulius Cæsar, he levyed forces, and surprised the Iland of Sicily, he commanded the Seas in those parts and saved many Roman that fled to him from the proscription of the triumviri: he was at last vanquished at Sea by Marcus Agrippa the cheife General for Augustus Cæsar, and slain in Asia by the Souldiers of Marcus Antonius the Triumvir.

THE

The seventh Book.

The Argument of the seventh Book.

What different passions 'mongst the people rise
At Cæsars new transcendent dignities:
He, to decline the envy of his reign,
Designes a war against the Parthian,
Cassius consults with Brutus to set free
The State again by Cæsars Tragedy.
The Lords conspire: unto the Capitoll
Cæsar securely goes (though of his fall
By fatall prodigies foretold in vain)
And entring there is by the Senate slain.

THat civill fury, that so long had torne
Romes state, and through so many regions born
Her bleeding wounds, it selfe had wasted now;
And long'd for peace did seem again to show
Her cheerfull face; the people hop'd for rest,
Since now untival'd *Cæsar* was possest
Of all the honours, Rome could give, alone,
And the world knew no other power but one.
The o'r-joi'd people wish it ever so:
(His power was grown above their envy now)
And to the gods they willingly forgive
The losse of that unstate prerogative,
Their liberty, and gladly would adore
A safe and peacefull Scepter; for the more

His

His might in war their terrors did increaſe,
The more his vertues now ſecure their peace;
No better guardian, with they to the Store
Then mighty *Cæſar*, whoſe unconquer'd Fate
So long prevail'd 'gainſt all oppoſing powers,
And crush'd ſo many great competitours.
Nor do the poor Plebeians wiſh it ſo
Alone; theſe hopes the wearied Senate too
(Except ſome few) do harbour with delight,
And gladly give conſent to *Cæſars* height:
They moſt of all deſire a calm, ſince moſt
The higheſt Cedars by rough ſtorms are toſt;
They with the ſhadow of that freedome gone,
Whoſe ſubſtance long ago was overthrown.
For what ſince *Marius* times, ſince *Sylas* reign
Did they of ancient liberty retain,
But the bare name? For which ſo deare a price
They paid, and ſaw ſo many tragedies:
And therefore not alone from flattery,
But from true joy to *Cæſar* they decree
More height of honour, and more ſtate then can
Fit the condition of a private man,
Leſt he perchance might ſeem in his own eies,
Leſſe then a Monarch: to thoſe dignities,
Which after the defeat of *Scipio*
He had receiv'd, they add far greater now,
Divine and humane, that throughout all lands,
And all the Kingdomes which great Rome commands,
Not only ſacrifices ſhould be had
For him, and offerings in all Temples made,
But Temples to himſelfe they do decree
To conſecrate as to a Deity:
But one more ſumptuous then the reſt, and high
Erected is to him and Clemency
Joyning their Deities, where hand to hand
Does *Cæſars* image with the goddeſſe ſtand:

And (as his Countries saviour) every where
His rich-wrought Statues oaken Garlands wear.
They stile him Consul for ten yeares to come,
Dictator ever, Father of his Rome;
And that in every cause, for ample state,
He, as Supreme, and Soveraign Magistrate
Should judgement give from a tribunall high
Of burnish'd gold, and polish'd Ivory.
That those chast maids, which keep the vestall flame,
And all Romes Priests should vow in *Cæsars* name,
And for his safety offer every year,
And he himselfe a Robe Triumphall weare
At publike sacrifice; that thanks should be
Giv'n to the gods for his each victory,
And the daies sacred. Who could e'r have thought
That day on which Pharsalia's field was fought,
Or that of Thapsus, or sad Munda's war
As holidaies should fill the Calendar?
And *Cato*, *Scipio*, *Pompey*'s tragick fals
Be kept with joy as Roman Festivals.
The moneth Quintilis, to his lasting fame,
(Which gave him birth) must bear great *Julius*'s name.
What more deserved honour could there be,
More fit, more gratefull to posterity,
For *Cæsar*'s future memory to weare,
Then mention in his own amended yeare?
That he, whose wisedome from confusion
Had freed th' accounts of time, and to the Sun
Had squar'd his yeare, from all those errors freed,
Which negligence insensibly did breed,
In that should live, while people every where
Throughout the world, observe the *Julian* yeare.
And more to heighten his transcendent State,
They make decree, that every Magistrate
Shall (when elected) swear not to withstand
What ever *Cæsars* Edicts shall command,

Making

Making his power ſo great, there's nothing now
But he himſelfe, may on himſelfe beſtow,
What now ſhould *Cæſar* feare? What ill ſucceſſe
Can ſhake ſo ſtrong a grounded happineſſe?
Or what ſhould Rome now in a State ſo bleſt
Suppoſe can rend her peace, or reave her reſt?
Asks it a greater vertue to maintain
A ſetled fortune, then at firſt to gain?
Or is it eaſier to the powers on high
To give, than to preſerve proſperity?
Or would the gods elſe let proud mortals ſee
By this ſo farall mutability,
Their frail eſtate, and find the diſtance ſo
Betwixt Celeſtiall powers, and powers below?
Cæſar to mould the State anew begins
With wholſome lawes, and by his mercy wins
(If mercy could ſuch envy overcome)
The peoples hearts, calling from exile home
Thoſe baniſh'd Lords that had againſt him fought,
To make all hatred, with the war, forgot;
And through the Empires wide circumference,
Extends his bounty and magnificence;
Carthage and Corinth he re-edifies,
And plants them both with Roman colonies,
And not detracting from th' old founders fames,
Lets them both beare their firſt renowned names.
But yet (ſuſpecting what the ſad event
Prov'd true) how hardly his new government
Will at the firſt be brook'd, till time allay
That Envies heat, that does as yet out-weigh
His lenity, and nothing more then reſt
Matures the plots of diſcontented breſts,
Cæſar reſolves with ſpeed to entertain
An honourable war, to wipe the ſtain
Of civill blood by forreign deeds away,
To fetch again from conquer'd Parthia

(Which yet secure did of Romes Trophees boast)
Those captive Eagles which slain *Crassus* lost,
His fixed thoughts on that high action set,
Unto a great and frequent Senate met
Thus *Cæsar* speaks; Fathers Conscript, had I
Meant to abuse my power in cruelty,
As *Cinna*, *Marius*, and dire *Sylla* did,
What closest visor could so long have hid
My nature from you, you had found ere this
Some fatall signes, but I that still did wish
Power, for no other end than to secure
The use of vertuous deeds, and put in ure
Not what my passions but true reason taught,
In all these wars have for the publike fought,
To make my selfe a guardian, not a Lord
Of Rome and you, and with a conquering sword
Keep out all tyrants, that might else intrude,
Working your safety, not your servitude.
What can this Senate, or the people feare
From *Cæsars* power, whose mercy every where,
So many pardon'd enemies have tri'd?
And, save in battell, none by me destroi'd:
Let those surviving witnesses relate,
How I in war have us'd my prosperous fate;
Let *Scipios* papers burn'd, unread by me
(After the field of Thapsus) testifie
How loth I was to find in Rome a foe:
And rather chose my dangers not to know,
But still to live in danger, then to be
Secur'd by slaughter and severity:
Nor, but enforc'd, witnesse the gods of Rome,
To this sad Civill war did *Cæsar* come,
And was compell'd (though loth to conquer more
To purchase that, which I deserv'd before,
For which, ten years successefully I fought
Against the Gauls, and all those regions brought

Under

Under the power of Rome, which lie between
The Pyrenæan hills, the German Rhine
And Brittish Seas, nor did the German Rhine,
And Brittish Seas my victory confine,
Which flew beyond them both, and crossing ore
(Where never Roman Eagles pearch'd before)
I taught the Germans there our yoke to carry,
And made the painted Britanes tributary;
For which my triumphs envy did deny,
To win for Rome, was made a crime in me,
Had not my foes ungrateful injury
Turn'd back those conquering armes on Italy
They had, perchance, Fathers, by your command
Ere this subdu'd the farthest Eastern land.
Our name the Indians and tame Medes had known,
The Persian Susa, and proud Babylon
Had felt our strength, nor on the Parthian coast
So long had *Crassus* unrevenged Ghost
Complaining wander'd; that design for me
Rests now to act (so you the war decree.)
When first the spring dissolves the mountains snow
And Western winds upon the waters blow;
When with his golden horns bright *Taurus* opes
The cheerful year shall these victorious troops
Advance against the Parthians, and there dye,
Or fetch those Eagles home with victory
Which *Cassius* lost; till then you need not fear
The insolency of the Souldier,
That their disorder'd silence here at home
May any way disturb the peace of Rome.
My care already has (besides the spoiles
Of forreign foes) rewarded all their toiles
With those great summes, which there so lately I
(Perchance much envy'd) rais'd in Italy
To keep them still, and did not fear to buy
With mine own envy your security.

Then conscript Fathers, if your wisedome shall
Esteem of *Cæsar* as a Generall,
Fit to revenge the Roman infamy
'Gainst Parthia's pride, decree the war to me;
I am your Souldier still; nor ere has ought
But Romes renown by all my toiles been sought;
You shall perceive that *Cæsar's* Souldiers are
Not onely fortunate in Civill war.
Cæsar had ended; when the fathers all
To such a war, and such a generall
Give glad consent, and with one voice decree
The Parthian war to *Cæsar's* auspicie.
But Fates deny what they so much desir'd;
The date of *Cæsar's* glory was expir'd,
And fortune wearied with his Triumphs now
Revolts from him; more ruin and more woe
Was yet behind for wretched Rome to tast;
Nor can their quiet happiness out-last
The life of *Cæsar*, whose approching Fate
More Civil warre and wounds must expiate.
No vertue, bounty, grace, or clemency
Could long secure usurped Soveraignty;
For more that power to Citizens born free
Distastful was, than benefits could be
Sweet and delightsome; which soon hastened on
Th' untimely death of *Cæsar*; Nor alone
To this conspiracy did hatred draw
His ancient foes, as *Pontius*, *Aquila*,
Bucolianus, and *Cecilius*,
Ligartus pardon'd once, and *Rubrius*,
Servilius Galba, *Sextus Naso* too,
Spurius, with many of the faction moe;
But even 'mongst *Cæsar's* friends dire envy wrought,
And to his slaughter bold *Trebonius* brought
Casca and *Cimber*, and *Minutius*
His seeming friends; nor thee, Oh *Cassius*,

Could

Could *Cæsar's* favour, nor thy Pretorship
Of Rome obtain'd, from this dire murder keep.
Decimus Brutus too, so highly grac'd
And in so near a ranck of friendship plac'd
With *Cæsar*, to whose trust and governance
The wealthy province of Transalpine France
Cæsar had left, envying his Patrons power
Among the rest is turn'd conspiratour:
Nor seems the knot of this great faction yet,
To be of strength enough, unless they get
Young *Marcus Brutus* in, who then did sway
The Province of Cisalpine Gallia,
Colleague with *Cassius* (as Romes Pretors) the,
And high in *Cæsar's* grace: this brave young man
For his known vertues, and admired parts,
In all the peoples discontented hearts
Did seem most thought of, and mark'd out to be
The vindicator of lost liberty:
Nor did they hide it, but in libels wrote
On his Pretorian cell, expresst their thought,
Taxing his courage as degenerate
From th' ancient *Brutus*, who first freed the State
Of Rome from Monarchy: as if the fame
Of such an act could suit no other name,
And he by fatal birth condemn'd to be
An actor now in *Cæsar's* tragedy.
Now had *Rammusian Nemesis* possest
In all her blackest forms, the vengeful brest
Of fiery *Cassius*, and did wholy sway
His eager thoughts, impatient of delay;
Who by nights silence, enters *Brutus's* house,
Him there he finds alone, and anxious,
Waiting his Countries Fate, and sadder far
Then when the fear of this great civil war
First seiz'd the peoples hearts, and frighted Rome
Was fill'd with fatal prodigies; to whom

Cassius begins; Oh why should *Brutus* spend
That precious time in thought, which he should lend
In active aid, to his sad countries need;
That would again by *Brutus* hand be free'd.
See what the peoples longing thoughts expect
That thou should'st work for them; mark the effect
Of what they write on thy Prætorian Cell:
There may'st thou read that (though contented well,)
They look'd no farther than for vain delights
(As Libyan huntings, and Circensian fights,)
From other Prætors, they expect from thee
A benefit, no less then liberty;
Can *Brutus* think that *Cæsar*, while he lives,
Will ere design so great a power, who strives
To make it more his own; and not content
With a Dictator's name and government,
An Office oft bestow'd, while Rome was free,
Aimes at more certain marks of Monarchy,
The Regal Crown and Scepter, thinking all
The Senate gives, cause they can give it, small,
Why were the tribunes else, for taking down
From *Cæsar's* Statue, late, a golden Crown,
Depos'd? Or why could he by law alledge
Against their persons sacred priviledge;
Did lewd *Antonius* put a Diadem
On *Cæsar's* head to be refus'd by him
In publick onely, and not there to trie
How we would all allow his Monarchie?
Besides a thousand more ambitious arts,
He daily finds to sound the peoples hearts.
His death the period of his pride must be,
And must with speed be wrought; for if, till he
Return triumphant from the Parthian war,
We should delay our vengeance, harder far,
And with more envy must it then be done,
When he more honour and more love has won.

To

To shake off *Cæsar's* yoke this is the time,
Or make it not our own, but fortunes crime;
The Noble *Brutus* sigh'd; Oh *Cassius*
If Heavens (quoth he) have not allotted us
A longer date of freedome, how can we
With feeble arms controule their high decree;
They, that in Affrick, Spain, and Theſſalie
Condemn'd the cauſe of Roman libertie,
Will not protect it now; and better far
It ſhould be loſt in fair and open war,
From whence at firſt it ſpung, and grew ſo high
Than to be ſav'd by ſecret treacherie,
Such as the ancient Romans ſcorn'd to uſe
'Gainſt worſt of foes. Noble *Fabritius*,
When conquering *Pyrrhus* threatened Rome, diſdain
To free his countrey by a traitours hand,
Adventuring rather Romes ſad overthrow
By open war; againſt a forrein foe
Were theſe reſpects obſerv'd alone by us;
What greater traitour than *Sertorius*,
And foe to Rome? yet he by treaſon ſlain
On baſe *Perpenna* ſtuck a laſting ſtain;
What hope was there that one ſo deep in bloud
As was that Butcher *Sylla*, ever would
Reſign his reign to be a private man?
Yet who 'gainſt *Sylla's* life attempted then?
'T wixt whom and *Cæsar* was as great an odds
Almoſt, as 't wixt the Furies and the Gods.
As much as thoſe then living Romans were
Too timorous, too baſe, and prone to bear
A Tyrants yoke, as much, for this, ſhall we
Be judged ingrate to *Cæsar's* clemency;
And thoſe old men will more acuſe our crime,
That can remember *Sylla's* bloudy time;
But I (of all accurſt) that ſo much ow
To *Cæsar's* favours, am condemned now

To

To

To be a subject, and from servitude
To free myself by foul ingratitude:
Oh what a torture my distracted breast
Suffers, 't wixt two such sad extremes oppress?
Oh why, when dire *Pharsalia*'s field was fought,
And I disguis'd in common armour sought
To reach his life before I was descry'd,
And sav'd by *Cæsar*, had not *Brutus* dy'd,
And free descended to the shades below?
Or if my aim had hit, one happie blow
Had rescu'd Rome from thrall without a stain
(Unless Great *Pompey* had usurp'd a raign)
And had not left our libertie to be
Thus poorly wrought by secret treacherie?
Oh, stay awhile our vengeance, *Cassius*,
See what the gods, and Fate will do for us,
Or what ere long our fatal enemies
The Parthians can do *Cassius* replies,
Could *Brutus* then be pleas'd, the Parthian foe
Again should triumph in our overthrow?
To have, with publick loss and infamie
That wrought for us, which may with honour be
(And Rome yet safe) by our own hands atchiev'd.
In all thy reasons, yet, thou art deceiv'd,
Mistaking grounds of things, thou dost conclude
Impartial Justice foul ingratitude:
For if the deed be just, no benefit
Receiv'd, should hinder thee from acting it;
That were corruption, not true gratitude:
The greater favours *Cæsar* ere has shew'd
To thee, the more thy justice will appear
In that the publick good thou dost prefer:
'T would take much honour from a deed so high,
If *Cæsar* had been known thine enemie:
Nor could an act, wherein thy private hate
Had born a share, so much oblige this State:

To

To purchaſe honour, and our Countries good
Private reſpects of friendſhip or of blood
Muſt be forgot and baniſh'd: is that old
Brutus through ſucceeding times extoll'd,
By whoſe ſtrict Juſtice his own ſon did dye,
That ſought again to bring in Monarchy?
And art thou bound to ſuffer *Cæſars* reign?
What would old *Brutus* do, if here again?
Or unto thee can *Cæſars* favour ſeem
A greater bound than nature was to him?
Nor canſt thou term it ſecret treachery,
If by our hands uſurping *Cæſar* dye;
Since Fate of warlike power have us bereft,
And no means elſe to work our freedome left.
Should we awhile deter the action,
It cannot be, perchance, hereafter done
But with diſhonour and baſe Treaſons ſtain,
When we before have both approv'd his reign;
For in the Sibils books 'twas lately read,
The Parthians never can be vanquiſhed
But by a King, which in the peoples ears
Is told already; and his flatterers
By them would have it publickly deſir'd;
Our voices, *Brutus*, will be then requir'd;
Which we with greateſt peril muſt deny,
Or elſe for ever loſe our liberty.
When *Caſſius* had with his perſuaſive art
Fully confirm'd young *Brutus* wavering heart
To this ſad deed; a noiſe at door they hear;
Decimus Brutus now was enter'd there,
And all the reſt of that conſpiracy:
Where 'mongſt themſelves the fatall knot they tie,
By mutuall oaths, ſtriving (alas) in vain
By *Cæſars* death that freedome to attain,
Which was for ever baniſh'd by the doom
Of Fate, and never to return to Rome,

Though

Though often fought; instead of freedome now,
More desolation, Tragedies and woe
After this slaughter must again ensue;
And all the people that dire action rue
Which they desir'd. Philippi's balefull day,
Perusia's siege, and fatall Mutine,
With Leuca's fleet shall make afflicted Rome
Truly lament o'r slaughter'd *Cæsars* Tomb.
The balefull Ides of March approaching nigh
Ordain'd by Fate for this great tragedy,
Th' Etrurians Augurs, who divine by sight
Of slain Beasts entrails, and the various flight
Of birds, in *Cæsars* danger were not dumb,
But boldly told what they foresaw to come.
The Ides of March *Spurinna* bids him feare:
Nor did the Earth, the Air, or Skies forbear
Presaging signs (if any signs could lend
Means to prevent, what destinies intend)
Affrighting voices in the Air were heard;
The Sun himselfe in threatning forms appear'd,
Sometimes, as if he wept, his glorious head
With a blew Rainbow round invironed;
Sometimes quite dimm'd, as if he fled the sight
Of men, and meant to make eternall night.
The windy spirits through earths torn caverns break:
Floods change their courses; beasts 'gainst nature speak
The swelling Poe o'rflowes th' adjoining plain,
And to his channell suddenly again
Retiring back, thousands of monstrous Snakes
Which he brought forth, upon dry ground forsakes.
The sea that had o'rwhelm'd a part of land
By Tyber's mouth, retiring, on the sand
As many fish did in like sort forsake:
But nearer signs great *Cæsars* death forespake.
Those stately steeds, which, when the war begun,
He crossing o'r the stream of Rubicon,

Had

Had consecrated, and for ever freed
From future service of the war, to feed
At liberty along the Chrystall flood,
And quiet wander through the shady wood,
For many daies before their Lord was slain,
Did of themselves their pleasant food refrain;
Their mourning eies presaging sorrow shew'd,
And all the pasture fields with tears bedew'd.
The little regall Bird, the day before,
Flying along, a sprig of laurell bore
Within her mouth; whom straight a multitude
Of birds out of the wood pursu'd,
Till shee had enter'd *Pompeys* Court, and there
The Laurell'd Bird did all in pieces teare.
That night, that usher'd forth that fatall day,
Was come, and with her darknesse did display
Prodigious fears, bringing, instead of rest,
A sad disturbance to each wakefull breast:
Throughout the Palace where great *Cæsar* slept
His last, the arms of *Mars*, which there were kept,
Were heard to yield a horrid rattling sound,
Clashing together of themselves; and round
About the house, the doors flew ope at once:
The air of night was fill'd with dismall groans;
And people oft awaked with the howls
Of Wolves and fatall dogs: ill boding Owls,
Night-jars and Ravens, with wide stretched throats,
From yews, and holleys send their baletull notes;
The shrieches, wailings, and all cries were heard
Of every fatall and affrighting bird.
Shape-faining *Morpheus*, in the dead of night,
Sent from the King of rest, with speedy flight,
Entering the Palace to *Calphurnia*,
Who sleeping in her Lords embraces lay,
Presents his slaughter'd figure in such wise,
As unto all th' amazed peoples eies,

The

The next day's Sun muſt ſhow; all ſtain'd with blood
Before the bed ſhe dream'd her *Cæſar* ſtood,
His viſage pal'd with death: that robe of State,
Which never foe before could violate,
All torn, through which his gaping wounds appear,
Calphurnia weeps, then ſhricks aloud for feare,
And ſtretching o'r the bed her loving-arms
T'embrace the flying ſhade, though free from harms
She find her Lord, who was awaked now,
Scarce dares ſhe truſt her waking ſenſes ſo
As ſhee beleeves the viſion; in her thought
So much that too propheticke dream had wrought:
Cæſar with kiſſes wipes away her tears,
And asks the cauſe of her ſo ſudden fears;
She trembling yet, the fatall dream declares
Which had diſturb'd her ſleep (nor could the cares
That roſe from thence, be baniſh'd) with the ſtory,
Mixing freſh teares, and loving oratory,
Perſwades her *Cæſar* to remember now
What the Augur's skill ſo lately did fore-ſhow,
And what the learn'd *Spurinna* bad him feare
From th' Ides of *March*, which now (ill) preſent were;
She begs of him he would forbeare to goe
That morning to the Senate, and beſtow
That one poor day, if not upon his own
Deare ſafety, yet upon her fears alone;
And grant to her as much, as to a wife
Was due, of intereſt in a husbands life.
That he thoſe Spaniſh guards would entertain,
Which had ſo lately been diſmiſs'd, again;
That late prevention of a danger neer
Was noble ſtill, and could be ſtiled fear,
No more then ſcorning the gods threats could be
True fortitude or magnanimity.
Cæſar replies; Ah dear *Calphurnia*,
Dearer to me, than that life-breath I draw,

Would'ſt

Would'ſt thou forbear thy griefe, it could not lie
Within the power of any prodigy
To make this day a ſad one: ſhould I here
Begin to learn that ſuperſtitious fear
Of fatall daies and houres, what day to me
Could ere hereafter from ſuch fears be free?
I only ſhould my wretched life torment,
And not my deſtin'd time of death prevent,
But live for ever with vain fears diſeas'd,
When ere Aſtrologers or Augurs pleas'd:
Every beaſts entrails were a care to me,
And flight of every bird a malady.
If *Cæſars* danger grow from diſcontent
Of Rome, not one daies abſence can prevent,
Nor ſcarce reprive my fate; and once to dye
Better than ever fear conſpiracy:
What good can ſtrongeſt guards on me conſer,
But make me live perpetuall priſoner?
Why ſhould I fear the peoples diſcontent,
Who now enjoy under my government
More wealth, more ſafety, and proſperity,
Then by my death they could? the death of me,
That have already reach'd the height of all
Glory and State that can to man befall,
And wrought my fartheſt ends, can never be
So much mine own as their calamity;
Who will again with Civill jars be rent,
And wiſh a ſafe and ſetled government:
Oh do not fear thy dream *Calphurnia*,
Nor ſad preſages from ſuch trifles draw:
If dreams were fatall, Love, ſleep were not reſt;
Since moſt our cares would be by ſleep increaſt;
But if they were preſages, tell me then,
For our two dreams to night have different been,
Which ſhould prevaile? Me thought I flew above
The lofty clouds, and touch'd the hand of *Jove*,

And

And to my selfe did seem more great and high
Then e'r before: what but felicity
Should this portend? I dare not now suspect
In calmest peace, those powers that did effect
My roughest wars; Oh let no sad surmise
With causlesse griefe distain *Calpurnias* eies.
Aurora now from *Tithons* purple bed
Arose, and th' Eastern skie discoloured,
Gave cheerfull notice of th' approaching Sun;
When forth, through Rome th' officious clients run,
The Palace all with early visitants
Was fill'd, to wait when *Cæsar* would advance
Forth to the Senate; striving to be seen
Neer th' earthly Sun, and in his raies to shine:
Some to do grace, and grace receive from him,
Some, like malignant clouds prepar'd to dim,
Or in eclipse eternall bury quite
Before the set of *Phœbus*, *Cæsar's* light.
Among the rest did *Decimus* attend
With fained service, and the name of friend
To fatal ends abusing, hasten'd on
Perswaded *Cæsar* to destruction;
Though, ere they go, the Sacrifices all
Threatning and black appear'd, and did appall
The fearfull Priests, who from those entrails show
Portent of dire calamity and woe.
Some Buls they could not at the Altar stay,
Who breaking thence fled through the streets away;
In others, which were slain and open'd there,
None but th' internall gods deign'd to appear:
The hearts were perish'd, and corruption flow'd
Through all the vitall parts, black was the blood.
The burning entrails yielded onely fume,
No flame at all, but darkly did consume,
Mouldring away to ashes, and with black
Unsavoury clouds through th' air a darknesse make.

But

But *Ceſar*, maugre what the entrails threat,
Undaunted paſſes on (how wondrous great
Is deſtinie?) and as he goes, neglects
The Scroll preſented to him, which detects
The whole conſpiracie: which, as of ſmall
Import, he pockets up not read at all.
And enters *Pompey's* bloudy Court, led on
By powerful Fate to his deſtruction:
Where Ominouſly receiv'd, he mounts his high
Dictator's Cell of Gold and Ivory;
The Lords obeiſance make in humbleſt wiſe,
When Different paſſions in their breaſts ariſe;
Even thoſe bold hearts that vow'd his Tragedie,
Almoſt relent: the mans great Majeſtie,
That awfull fortune, that did ſtill attend
His deeds, in all extremes a conſtant friend
Produce a fear t' encounter diſcontent:
Nor do their fancies onely him preſent
Invincible in open field, as when
He ſtood environ'd with his armed men:
But ſuch as when alone he wrought his ends,
Aided by none but fortune, as his friends,
As when he eſcap'd th' Ægyptian treacherie,
When he appeas'd his Souldiers mutinie,
On when the ſtormie Seas he croſſed ore
By night, and ſafely reach'd Brunduſium's ſhore;
And why ſhould not that friendly fortune now,
As then (think they) prevent his overthrow
And to their ruin quite defeat the plot.
But ſhame forbid them to relent; the knot
Among too many conſcious breaſts was ty'd
To let them ſtart; and on the other ſide
Revenge encourag'd by the multitude
Of Actors, enter'd, and all fears ſubdu'd,
Firſt to his Cell bold *Cimber* made approach,
And ſeiz'd his Purple robe; at whoſe rude touch

While *Cæsar's* wrath together with a maze
Began to rise, the rest from every place
Drawn neer, no longer hiding their intent
The fatal Ponyards to his breast present:
The first wound on him *Casca* did bestow,
Whose Ponyard *Cæsar* wresting to his foe,
Returns a stab back for the stab he gave,
Striving in vain with one poor strength to save
A life assaulted by so many hands;
No succours could approch, no guard, nor bands
Of aiding friends were nigh; that courage quite
Was lost, that neer was lost before in fight;
Untill enfeebled by a deeper wound,
And by invading death inviron'd round,
Hopeless he hides his face, and vexed stands
T' endure the furie of revenging hands,
Repressing groans or words, as loth to shame
His former life, or dying stain the fame
Of those great deeds through all the World expresst,
These silent thoughts revolving to his breast:
Yet has not fortune changed, nor given the power
Of *Cæsar's* head to any Conquerour;
By no Superiours proud command I die,
But by subjected Romes conspiracie;
Who to the World confesses by her fears,
My State and strength to be too great for hers,
And from earths highest Throne sends me to be
By after ages made a Deitie;
Through many wounds his life disseized, fled
At last; and he, who never vanquished
By open war, with bloud and slaughter strew'd
So many lands, with his own bloud embrew'd
The seat of wronged Justice, and fell down
A sacrifice to appease th' offended gown.

FINIS